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FRANCE—*continued.*

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GERMANY.

Berlin. — Hotel Alhambra. — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic.—Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.— First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Europe.–Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes.) Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.— 150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M. 9 up.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11 up. Personal man., H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Quellenhof.–Nr. Ther. bths. Ev'ry com. Full pen. fr. RM.7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel"; f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bühlerhöhe Bik. Forest.—800 mt. (2600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad— The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.–Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.– Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. com. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Bristol. — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–Lead. htl, r. fr. RM.5. r., w. bath fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.— Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. **— Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. —** First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.—** Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster-basin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg. — Reichspost Hotel. — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.–Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.– Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.–Park Hotel.–Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich. — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Koenigshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

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Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).— On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel, Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Fr. 13, upwards.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from 6 Frs. 1st class. Pension from 14.50 Frs. Always open.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8 Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli

Lucerne. — Hotel Schweizerhof. — Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes O. Hauser, Proprietor.

Montreux.–Hotel Continental.–On the lake 1st cl. Up-to-date. An Ideal Home in a charm pos. Park. Gar. New rates. (Prop., W. Deig)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Idea for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Centra position for excursions. Excellent cuisine Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–The best of the bes Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancin Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Pro

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Zurich - Dolder. — Dolder Grand Hotel.– 1900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderf view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cure

The Bystander, July 10, 1935

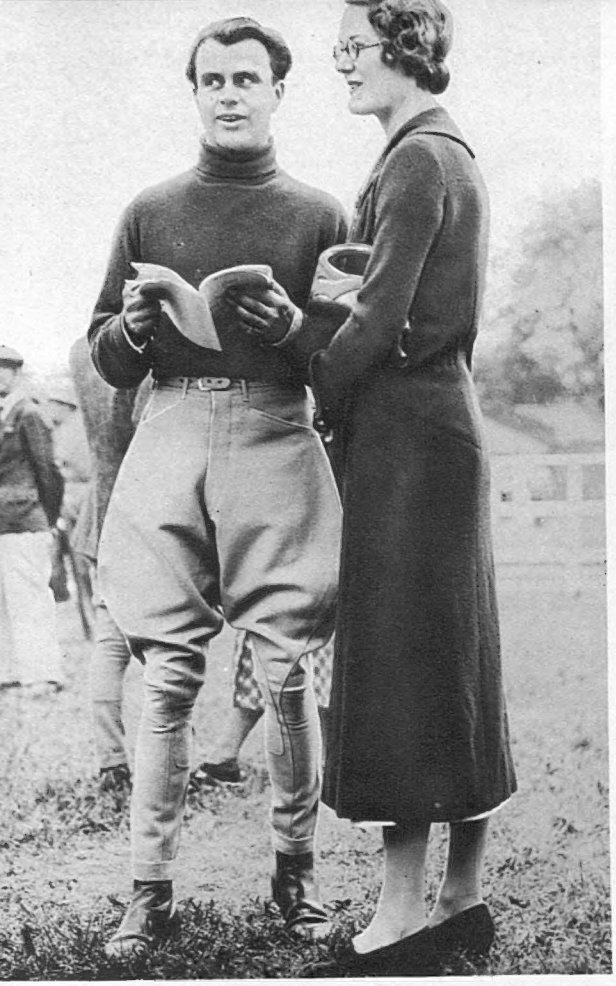
No. 1647. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

MISS SUSAN BLIGH AS CALYPSO

This marguerite-bedecked nymph with the un-mythologically painted nails is Susan Bligh, posed as Calypso, who played hostess to Ulysses when he was shipwrecked on the shore of her island kingdom. Susan Bligh is the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh's daughter, and younger sister of Jasmine Bligh. The portrait of her is one in Yevonde's exhibition of direct-colour photographs, of which four more appear on another page



Pre-view of Possible Winners

The Aly Khan and the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness were at the Newmarket July Yearling Sales last Wednesday; the Aly Khan bought a colt by Sansovino—Tantine from the Harmsworths. His father paid top price of the day (5000 guineas) for a filly by Blandford — Endowment

The Child-Villiers Christening

The Hon. Mansel and Mrs. Child-Villiers' son and heir was christened last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and was named Edward John Mansel Hugh Frampton. Mansel Child-Villiers is Lord Jersey's only brother; his wife was Barbara Frampton before her marriage last year

At Henley—

Lady Elisabeth Murray and her brother were at Henley on the first day. She is Lord Listowel's younger sister

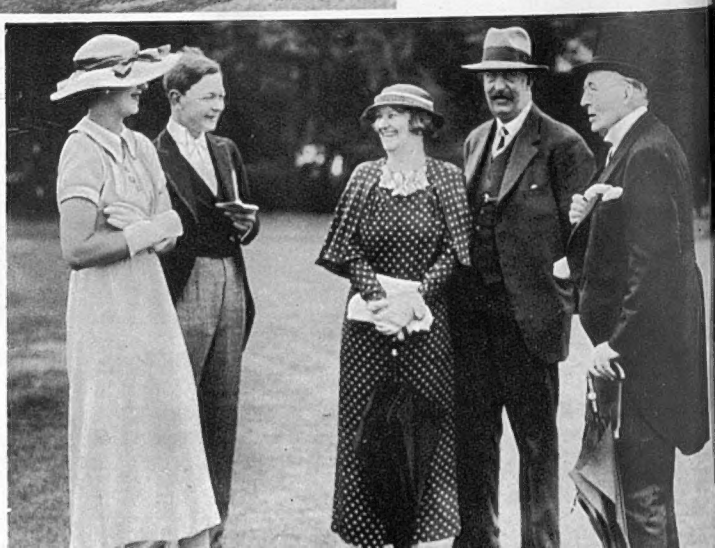
The Hendon Display

Mrs. Terence Maxwell and Miss Jeanne Stourton walking round together before the R. A. F. Display at Hendon

Eton v. Winchester

Above: Miss Fordham, Miss Guinness, Miss B. Fordham, and Peter Hanbury during the tea interval of the Eton v. Winchester match at Eton, which ended in a draw

Right: Miss Diana Tufton, Thomas Tufton, the Hon. Sackville and Mrs. Tufton, and Dr. M. R. James, the great scholar who has been Provost of Eton since 1918, and whose recreations, according to "Who's Who," are picquet and patience



• ROUNDABOUT

Sport, Schools and a Christening

—For the Royal Regatta

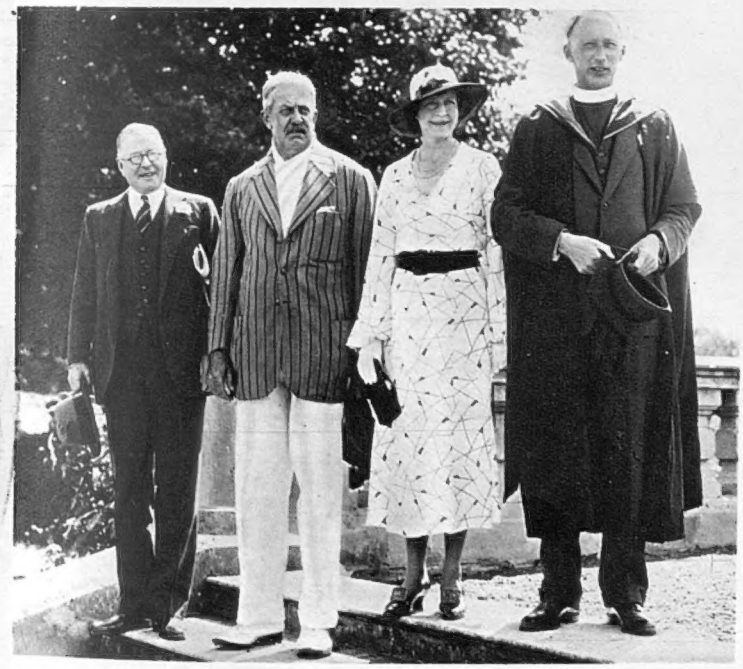
Lord Leigh, who is eighty this month, Brig.-General Hoare Nairne, who has a house at Henley, and Lord Tredegar watched the racing from the lawns at Phyllis Court last week

An Oxford Rowing Blue

Above: Lieut.-Colonel W. Burton Stewart is talking to Mrs. Philip Noble. He rowed for Oxford in 1894 and 1895, and in the winning Leander Eight in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley at about the same time

Right: Lady Weldon, mother of Sir Anthony, Terence, and Tommy Weldon, and Mrs. Chester Beatty went to the Curragh Meeting to see the Irish Derby, which was won by Sir Victor Sassoon's Museum

Racing in Ireland



Below: Mr. Algy Dawson, Captain Tommy Graves, Miss Phyllis Clair, who has just got back from America, Captain Frank Covell, Miss Renee Gadd, and Mr. Cecil Langlands at Rush Court for Mr. J. Upson's week-end cricket party

Speech Day at Canford School

Sir John Davidson, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who is a governor of Canford School, Captain Angus Hambro, chairman of the board of governors, Lady Davidson, and the Rev. C. B. Canning, who has been headmaster of Canford since 1928

From Six Till Eight

The Michael Duffs' Cocktail-Party at Claridge's

Left: Princess Otto von Bismarck, the good-looking wife of the Counsellor at the German Embassy, talking to Charles Birkin

View of the Host

Here are Sir Michael Duff and Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones. The party was given by Sir Michael and Lady Duff (she was Joan Marjoribanks), who since their March wedding have been mostly at Vaynol, his place in Wales

Lord Herbert and Miss Ruth Primrose

The Hon. Anne Wood is talking to Miss Tilly Losch, whose floppy mushroom hat was something new even in this summer of hat-astonishments

Right: Lady Brownlow and Mrs. Freddie Cripps are sitting on the sofa together

Left: Dr. Malcolm Sargent is with Lady Alexandra Haig

Right: Lady Charles Cavendish had a mushroom hat, too, but not so floppy as friend Tilly Losch's. She is with Mrs. Gilbert Miller, whose husband produced that cracking success "Tovarich"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 110

Jack Hylton

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THE first time I saw Jack Hylton was at the Queen's Hall Roof, the first night cabaret London ever had. It was about 1922, and Jack was the pianist. He played with his eyes tight shut and a sleepy smile. But he had already progressed a long way even then. For Jack, who comes from Stalybridge, began his career as "The Singing Mill Boy," doing a song and clog-dance in working men's clubs before he developed into a six-performances-a-day pierrot, busking on the sands and promenades. From this he graduated to his own pierrot show with his own pitch at Rhyl, where he met his wife, Ennis Sparks. Then, after taking out a touring revue—a flop—he came south with his wife and exactly the price of their fare. How envious they felt of a man who bought a threepenny cup of tea on the train! Fortunately, on the arrival platform he met a friend, who lent him five bob, found him "digs," and a job as a cinema organist, which he soon gave up to be a song-plugger to a firm of music publishers.

TO-DAY his band of nineteen costs him a thousand pounds a week, but he makes a net thirty thousand a year out of dance music. Jack Hylton and his boys were the first English band to broadcast to America, and have the biggest reputation of any foreign orchestra on the Continent. He himself has the Legion of Honour and is an Officier de l'Instruction Publique, but there is no swank about him. He delights in little pubs, owns three racehorses, and is determined to open a real Lancashire tripe-shop in the West End. And if I know my Jack he will certainly do so one day.

At the height of the boom in gramophone recording, one of his records was sold per minute per day. He has a huge head, scarred by a car smash. He is always thinking. But he is never still. Nor does he ever seem to sleep. He is devoted to his father, who is still alive in Blackpool, he himself having a house in Gilbert Street, Mayfair, being no longer scared of butlers. He has become an excellent comedian, quite a good wise-cracker, and a brilliant orchestrater, although he has only had a dozen music lessons in his life. He is also extremely loyal, pure Lancashire, dogged, smiling, and as shrewd as they come.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Convicts in Comedy and Cinema Stars Satirised

"*Love Laughs —!*" *(London Hippodrome)*

IF authors of musical comedies insist upon telling a story, I cannot think why they don't choose a good one—it need not necessarily be original. But then, perhaps they know from experience that by the time it has been emasculated by producer, music hounds and dance arrangers, not to mention satisfying the whims of the leading lady and the principal comedians, there will not be much left of the manuscript as delivered.

In *Love Laughs—!* at the London Hippodrome, something like this may have happened to the book of Clifford Grey and Greatrex Newman, for if they did concoct a connected story, I can't describe it. This, however, may be due to the first night taking place in a heat-wave—conducive to somnolence—and I, perhaps, missed a speech containing some vital link which would have made every scene and action logically clear. All I do know is that the appearance of that sound actor, James Carew, of "Coronet Films," usually indicated that we were to be reminded there was a plot, whether we liked it or not.

I CAN, however, be certain that the two heroes of this musical comedy found themselves in prison (Quartette: "Oh, To Be In Dartmoor"); that female visitors were welcomed within the precincts to help the convicts have a good time; that two of the former engineered an escape for the heroes, and that later all the characters turned up at a fancy-dress ball where everybody was—or appeared to be—some celebrity in the film world. And if one is a film fan, I am sure that this particular scene must have been exceedingly amusing.

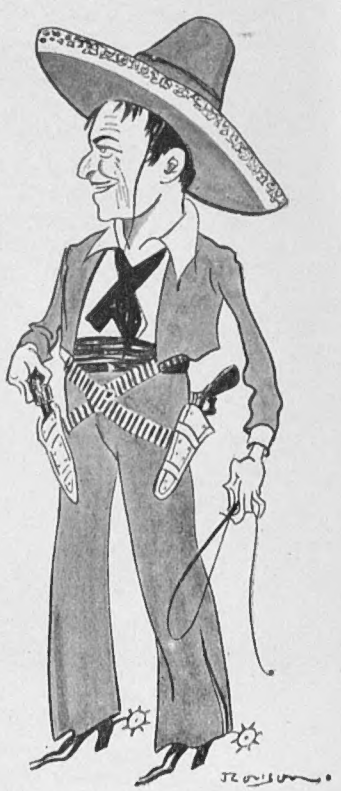
"When critics do agree their unanimity is wonderful," and I have no intention, just out of perversity, of suggesting that Renee Houston is not the life and soul of this show. Indeed, without her, *Love Laughs—!* would be a dreary business, for though there are several clever people in the cast, like Syd Walker—a George Robey with asthma—and Allen Kearns, yet their material is so impoverished that they create sympathy rather than laughter. As for Laddie Cliff, who plays a big part, though he may possess an unfunny personality, he can be extremely amusing with his feet.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Just an old-fashioned vamp. Jenny McGregor (Renee Houston) tries the effect of a little bare shoulder and torso wriggle on Gus Barnes (Laddie Cliff), and the result is startling

Head-Warder Hopkins (Syd Walker), a racing enthusiast, gets into a little five-furlong sprint in an attempt to catch Tony Thornton (Allen Kearns)

Sketches by Rouson



Right: Cyrus Manders (James Carew), a film magnate, borrows Wallace Beery's costume for the evening

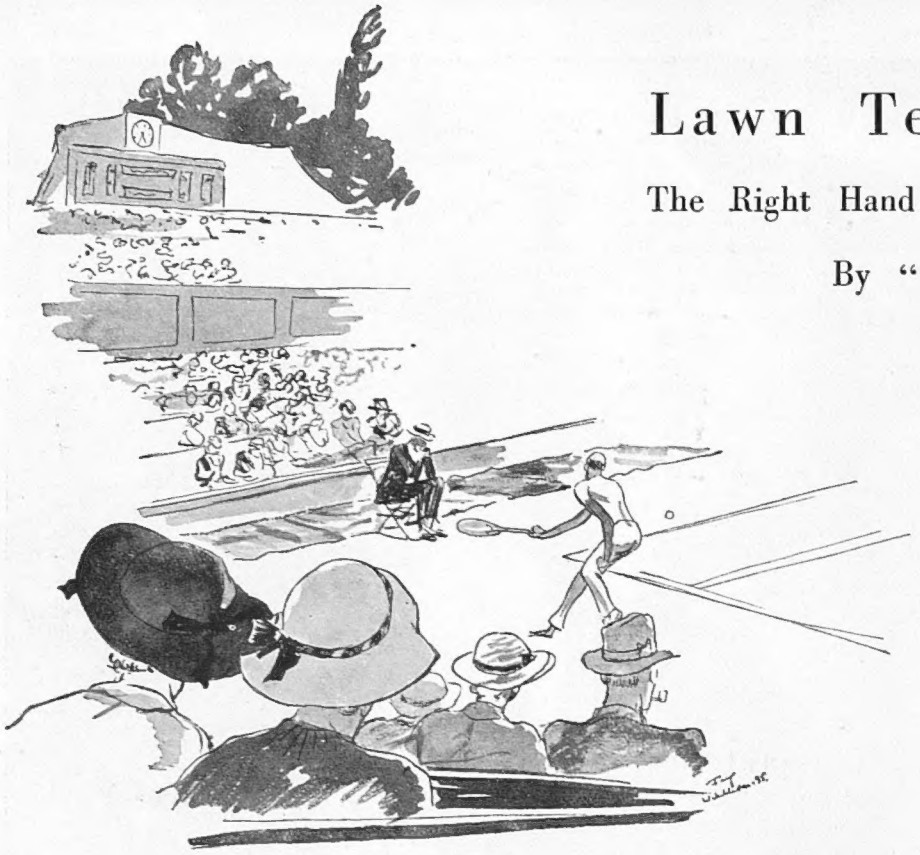
"BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON!"

Leslie Banks as Geoffrey Carroll, the poisoner husband in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," at the St. Martin's Theatre. He is seen here removing with the utmost care all traces of finger-prints from a tumbler in which a deadly drug was poured with fell intent. This drama, the action of which takes place in the South of France, culminates in a succession of thrilling scenes

Lawn Tennis Letter

The Right Hand Writes About the Left

By "Passer-By"



The Championships

It is not only round the famous Centre Court that crowds assemble, and year by year further accommodation is provided for the public round Courts Nos. 1 and 2

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE was one feature of the past Wimbledon to which I have seen no public reference. This was the presence of so many left-handed competitors. On one afternoon four actually followed each other on to the Centre Court. Two of the seeded players were what the Americans colloquially call "South Paws," and it is not a little curious that both, Christian Boussus and Miss Scriven, were put out before they had come to their allotted places in the last eight.

There have been many great left-handed players, but Wimbledon only has one on its championship roll. This was Norman Brookes—a spectator at the recent meeting, by the way—who, after failing to beat H. L. Doherty in the challenge round of 1905, came over again two years later, when Doherty had retired, and claimed the crown. He "repeated" in 1914, on the eve of the war. Both of the Australian's championships were won on the old ground, where, as you know, the court was set against the compass. The sun in the afternoon shone in the eyes of the player on one side, giving a material advantage. Now Brookes not only wore a cap, which shielded his eyes besides concealing them from his opponent, but, being left-handed, served on the "worst" side, with his eyes turned away from the sun. Undoubtedly this factor aided and abetted his guile.

SPEAKING collectively, left-handed players are not so complete as right-handed. There has usually been a relative weakness somewhere, and when it has come to a vital contest against an all-embracing master, this defect has found them out.

All the greatest British players have been right-handed, although several just below the top flight, like the late Kenneth Powell and his Canadian-born namesake, R. B. Powell, who were in the all-comers' doubles final in 1910, were left-handers. The United States, however, have bred the latter in profusion. There have been four American left-handed singles champions—R. D. Wrenn, B. C. Wright, Lindley Murray, and J. H. Doeg. And several doubles champions as well—to wit, Dwight Davis, Karl Behr, and L. E. Ware. Nearly all these American left-handers had service power highly developed.

I played against Dwight Davis in an International Club match on Sir Arthur Crosfield's private courts recently, and found it very nearly as paceful as it was a quarter of a century earlier, although the server must now be nearly sixty. Wrenn, Wright, Lindley Murray, and Doeg were all service-cum-volleying giants; their success depended on their net attack. In other words, they had to get up to the net and exploit their short-

Married Semi-finalists in the Men's Singles

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crawford, of Sydney. Crawford won the Championship in 1933 and was runner-up to Perry last year. Crawford had his revenge on his home court in the Australian Championship last January. Mrs. Crawford, née Marjorie Cox, is ranked third in Australia

Baron and Baroness Gottfried von Cramm. The former has lately added the Championship of Switzerland to those of Germany and France. He is one of the most improved players of the year, and is a fine tactician as well as a beautiful stroke-producer

Left: Mr. Joseph Wear, non-playing captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, Miss Nancy Walker, his niece, and Mrs. and Mr. Sydney Wood. He won the Championship in 1931, and was the youngest competitor in the lists when he first played at Wimbledon in 1927. Miss Nancy Walker is the daughter of the donor of the Walker Cup, famous in the golfing world

An American Quartette

range skill in order that a certain insecurity at the back of the court should not be farmed by their opponent.

You may recollect that H. L. Doherty's great victory over Brookes thirty years ago was due in no small measure to the perfect lobbing of the Englishman. At the psychological moment he forced the Australian to retreat and then came up himself to tuck away the lofted ball. I have always thought that Doherty revealed his superiority over Wilding when the New Zealander was faced with the same problem in the challenge round of 1914. Wilding lacked the finished backhand drive of his predecessor; it was usually directed across the court and not down the line. Doherty could hit it either way with the same facility. Now, of course, Brookes, being a left-hander, had his greater driving strength in the normal backhand corner; here he could generate his fine lifting forehand drive—a perfect forcing shot to prepare for a volleying coup. Wilding therefore played to the Australian's strength; Doherty was able to play to his weakness.

It was the same with Beals Wright against Wilding in the challenge round of 1910, except that the Bostonian used the slice instead of the plain drive. Wright set his volleying traps so that Wilding should endeavour to circumvent him across the court; the left-handed racket was there to make the stop-volley or the smash. But the American lacked the stamina of the New Zealander, and after winning the first two sets hoisted signals of distress and was beaten.

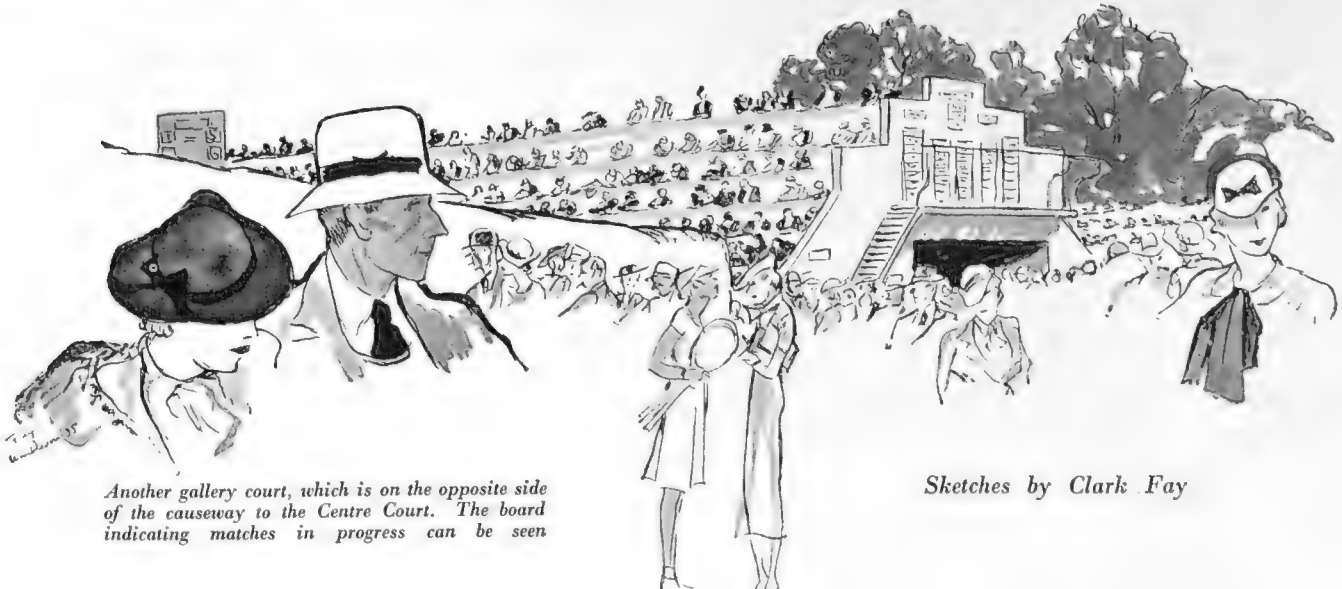
I ought to add, was played in a shade temperature of 102 degrees. Let those who may have sweltered at Wimbledon during the last fortnight, when the thermometer rose to 80, give a silent salute to these champions of the past.

No left-hander has (as I write) ever won the women's championship at Wimbledon. Miss Beryl Tulloch plied a forehand drive with the left hand, the pace of which once defeated Mrs. Hillyard, who was then past her prime. But Miss M. C. Scriven has twice won the French championship, and Miss K. Stammers enjoys the great distinction of having defeated Mrs. Moody at Beckenham. Miss Stammers would, indeed, appear to be the exception that proves the rule—that left-handers are disposed to concentrate their strength on one wing, and may lose vital matches because of this disparity. Miss McOstrich has defeated Miss Round with the left hand on the covered courts at Queen's, and gave her quite an anxious match at Wimbledon this year. But in the women's realm, even more than in the men's, the left-hander does not possess equal vigour and resource on both wings.

PASSER-BY.

The Tea Interval, If You Can Tear Yourself Away

A match between two left-handers of high-class usually resolved itself into a service duel; for both realised that the service was their strongest asset, and that if it came to baseline exchanges after a "break-through," the issue was all in favour of the fracturer. When Beals Wright played Norman Brookes at Queen's Club one saw a long and fascinating match governed almost exclusively by the service and the lob. There was a replica in Melbourne a few years later. Wright won both these matches, because, his service speed being less, he could conserve just enough energy for the final pinches. Here are the figures in these two great struggles of three decades ago. At Queen's Wright beat Brookes 12—10, 5—7, 12—10, 6—4; at Melbourne the American beat the Australian 0—6, 3—6, 7—5, 6—2, 12—10. The second match,



Another gallery court, which is on the opposite side of the causeway to the Centre Court. The board indicating matches in progress can be seen

Sketches by Clark Fay

Mothers and Their Sons

Lenare

Mrs. John Rayner and John Rayner, Junior

Above, left: Mrs. John Rayner was Molly Vaughan before her marriage in 1933, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vaughan, of the Feld House, Cleny, Worcestershire. Her small son, John, was born at the end of last year. She and her husband have a flat in Kensington

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton

The Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton is Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's youngest daughter, is twenty-one this year, and married D'Arcy Lambton in 1933. He is the Hon. Claud Lambton's second son and a nephew of the Earl of Durham. Their son, Michael Charles, was born last November

Tunbridge

Mrs. A. M. Weber-Brown and Simon

Left: Mrs. A. M. Weber-Brown has got one son, whose age is rising seven and whose name is Simon. She was Joan Gillilan before her marriage and is the daughter of Major and Mrs. E. G. Gillilan, who live at Great Bowden, near Market Harborough. Her father used to be in the Coldstream Guards. She and her husband, who is on the Stock Exchange, have a flat in South Street

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

EXTRACT from a preliminary blurb of Sir Austen Chamberlain's reminiscences, now appearing in a daily :

Sir Austen dramatically relates the inner story of the fall of the Asquith Government. Read of his effort to prevent the country being left without a Cabinet during the absence of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law at the Peace Conference.

We asked an aged and cynical politician we know what dooms and disasters would happen if the country were ever left for a time without a Cabinet. Fixing his eyeglass carefully, humming and hawing thoughtfully for a moment, he said at length : " The whole ramshackle box of political tricks on wheels would go rumbling and staggering along precisely as before."

We said, going rather white : " But surely a country without a Cabinet—— ! "

He said : " The time to worry, if at all, is when a great earthquake visits Whitehall and wipes out the Permanent Officials en bloc."

" What then ? "

" A fresh lot will immediately take their place."

We were going to ask him further questions, when, to our dismay, he suddenly began to cry. It was terrible to see this dignified, silver-haired figure break down and sob like a child. After an embarrassing pause he recovered. We then asked him a final question relating to the Constitution.

" What do Ministers with portfolios carry in their portfolios ? We 've often wondered."

" Old socks," he said immediately. " Old socks and bits of string, and pocket pronouncing dictionaries, and invitations to dinner from the rich."

Our representative then withdrew.

Nice Babies

IT seems unfair, now we 've thought it over carefully, for a rather acid gossip-boy in one of the dailies to assess this year's Theatrical Garden Party thus : altruism, 1 per cent., publicity 19 per cent., exhibitionism 80 per cent. It 's unfair, unkind, and, in our opinion, quite untrue. There 's never been more than 79.5 per cent. of exhibitionism in the show any year.

It 's a long time since we were in the mob at the Garden Party, watching a ghastly dew beading the make-up of our loveliest idols of the footlights in the mid-summer heat, observing with regret the macabre quality of blued eyelids under a blazing sun, and noting gloomily that mascara, or whatever the stuff is that makes those alluring eyelashes, clots and goes hellishly gummy after an afternoon's showmanship. We once saw a glorious creature melt almost completely away, like a wax doll. Altogether it 's a good antidote for the over-impressionable—almost as effective, in its way, as seeing some exquisite breaker of hearts staggering up a pebbly beach from the ocean, dripping and sniffling and revealing strange sea-changes of complexion and figure. We forget who said that the sentimental hedonist should strictly avoid the seaside. He was wrong, anyway. It is both tonic and moral to face disillusions manfully and to meditate on the fact that all flesh is grass (and some of it pretty tired hay).

" There 's a man outside who 's come to demonstrate a Mighty Wurlitzer, he says "

Talking of which, we once saw a third-rate touring revue in the theatre of a small French port, from the front row of stalls. The spectacle was nearer to Holbein's Dance of Death than anything one could imagine.

Big Boys

THE three-hundredth birthday of the Académie-Française provided us with a few reflections on Academies generally and the dignified but rather hellish mediocrity which is their hall mark. The Académie-Française, for example, the official shrine of high literature in France, has a hundred or more names on its rolls which mean absolutely nothing to anybody. You will not find there the great names of Molière, Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, the Goncourts, Mistral, or Daudet (Alphonse), to cite a few off-hand. You do find—among the moderns—names like Barthou and Hermant, among a whole galaxy of minor pedants and politicians. Our own Royal Academy has one genius, Augustus John (and after how long !), and a considerable horde or gallimaufry of industrious gentlemen or firemen who paint away like respectable beavers, covering acres of canvas through the years and doing no harm to anybody—except, perhaps, the chocolate manufacturers, who waste away in envy and hopeless longing and are forced to cover their chocolate-boxes with squiggles or Old Masters instead.

You may not know it, but there exists somewhere, by the mercy of God, a British Academy of Letters. Its members, we 're told, are sworn to secrecy about it. Nobody knows who they are, or why. They give each other the secret grip, and—so our informant swore to us—anybody betraying the society is formally buried alive. That is, if he isn't already. That seems to us pretty awful, and right. Don't ask us any more.

Hon. Top-Hole Idea

THE Mayor of New York seems to have solved an international problem of growing tension. He has sent to Tokyo two

"Swotting up your knots, men?"

life-sized dolls—"messengers of goodwill"—called "Mr. and Mrs. America." They've been occupying a bridal suite at the Imperial, the Mayor of Tokyo has entertained them, they've paid an official call on the Prime Minister of Japan, and the populace has cheered them. So there won't be any Americo-Japanese war in the Pacific, as some people expected. (You can see that by the smiles on those polite Japanese faces.)

Hon. jolly top-hole, we call the idea. The French haven't yet thought of sending Hitler a squeaker doll or a life-size plush bunny, nor has the Emperor of Abyssinia solved his own problem with a similar pretty and significant gift to the Duce. In his case, now we think of it, he might send two dolls: one representing an Italian soldier in his natural state, the other representing the same soldier after he has fallen badly wounded, and after the Abyssinian ladies who haunt the battlefields have finished with him. We're told they're highly ingenious and can give points even to the Afghans and the Turks, both artists in their way. Wow!

Too, Too Divine

We met one of those terrible Bloomsbury girls, flushed and haggard and whinnying, at a party the other night, and she abused us so horribly for not knowing a thing about James Joyce's new opus, *Work in Progress*, which is being published in fragments, that we slunk into our bookseller's next day. Extract from the latest-published fragment (45 pp., 2*s.* 6*d.* net) of *Work in Progress*:

Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the concionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their robenhauses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot wake a silken noise out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens! Gather behind me, satraps! Rot!

It's all like that, and often thicker, is *Work in Progress*. Why, we asked ourselves wonderingly, in progress?

Terror in the Hills

In the valley of Aran, in the High Pyrenees, a hundred head of cattle were killed and eaten the other day, according to report, by hungry bears, driven down from the mountains by cold. If you ask us, they weren't bears at all, they were J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, cow-lover and man about town, with whom we once crossed those peaks of mystery and doom. Morton has recently been abroad for some weeks, as we happen to know. The natives are well aware that he regularly haunts the valley of Aran with his great staff Durendal, tearing oxen to pieces with his hands when famished and scorning a knife and fork, and even a napkin. Once near San Julian de Loria, in Andorra, we saw Morton eat a man. The man's expression of dolorous surprise at being devoured by Morton was extremely diverting. We had some Japanese paper napkins with us, but Morton detests all foppery and deliberately wipes his mouth on rocks.

Another foible of J. B. Morton's is to star in grand opera. He was a pretty hairy Ysolde at Bayreuth in 1888, and he sang Melisande fairly gruffly at the Opéra-Comique in 1925, introducing a dramatic new bit of "business" into the fountain scene by shoving Pelléas suddenly under water and shouting "Fish!" Rich women follow Morton about in droves, ogling and posturing, but he rarely flings them anything except an oath. In Mayfair this obsession of wealthy hostesses is known as a "permanent crave."

NEXT WEEK: *Morton, Little Friend of All the Butterflies*, or *Elsie Garthwaite's Secret.*

Vive le Bitter!

TALKING—were we?—of beer, we were dipping our finely-cut beak into a tankard the other day in a select pub where the Last of the Barmaids is preserved, intact and alive, in all her regal opulence of line and colour. With us was a man who occasionally writes verse, such terrible verse that he can't even get much of it into the *Spectator*. He vowed he would write a sonnet on this imperial barmaid, and told her so. "May word!" she said, opening her big blue eyes. "Always ahp to sahmthing, aren't you?" We did our best to stop it. We swore that not even a good poet had ever been able to write verse about a London barmaid. Queens, yes. Queens and ordinary girls, certainly, but not barmaids, because the subject is too majestic for a human pen. We took a substantial bet on this. A few days later we paid up, because he had discovered three lines about London barmaids (not to say ale and bitter) among the sonnets of—whom do you think? Verlaine, no less.

Vers les bars attractifs comme les vieilles fois,
Où de longues misses plus blanches que l'hermine
Font couler l'ale et le bitter dans l'étain clair . . .

Verlaine, we find, knew a lot about the London pubs of the 'seventies. A girl named Maud taught him to say "Love you me" and drank beer with him constantly. This was during the Laureateship of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, another poet of eminence. We dare

aver that Verlaine never once met Tennyson in a four-ale bar. Or do you think so? (Tee, hee!)

We Simply Roared

It was interesting to find the *Times* dramatic critic comparing a recent play unfavourably with Charles Lamb's only stage comedy, *Mr. H*, because, with the obvious exception of E. V. Lucas, we are the only other theatre-lovers alive who have ever read Lamb's comedy right through. It was hissed off the stage at Drury Lane, Lamb himself hissing as much as anybody. The fun of the evening centres round a Mr. Hogsflesh, who dare not reveal his unbeautiful name to the ladies. Mild, milky, harmless, spinsterly, *Punchy* fun it is. If *Mr. H.* is really a better play than the one produced the other night—well, there.

Incidentally, picking up a recent number of our National Comic to enjoy a hearty British laugh, we came upon a joke which staggered us, it read so exactly like a godless parody of "Charivaria" by some ribald mocker of the Constitution. It was just one of those barbed little paragraphs, concerning an Egyptian weighing 28 stone and reputed to be the world's heaviest man; and the comment was "Stout fellah!" (Not "fellow": "fellah.") Even the *New Yorker* never thought of a joke like that when it published its special *Paunch* number some time ago, the high-water mark of devastating parody. The *Paunch* number—we treasure a copy, bound in pure white vellum—is full of bull's-eyes (including the superb article beginning "Burris says I ought to be ashamed of myself. Burris was my ayah in Nepal, and afterwards my batman at Magdalen. Of course, he 's frightfully old now," etc.), but it couldn't beat that.

Query

This story from America is new to us:

A small child, being taken for a drive in the car by Mummy, asked curiously at length: "Mummy, where are all the b———s and sons of b———s to-day?"

"They only come out when Daddy's driving, darling."

The Bystanders.

"Play to me, gipsy"

"Hang it, man, which way are you going?"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 38.—Baroness Orczy

When the citizens of Paris
Had their fill of gruesome scenes,
Caused by growing-pains when France was
Still within her guillo-teens,
A young Englishman of fashion
Took determined steps to quell
The assassins, and for many
Such he tolled their pimper-knell.

His adventures were so heavy
They were bound to come to light,
So the Baroness got busy
And began forthwith to write
Of Sir Percy and his comrades,
Who set out to circumvent
Those tumbrilliant Sons of Freedom
Who to break the Throne were bent.

And her stories catch the fancy
Of the plain man in the street,
For they 're full of fire and spirit
Since their plots are strong and neat;
And with positive assurance
It can certainly be said
That her Pimpernel is Scarlet
And her books are always read.—B. W.

A Venice Carnival in "Barcarole"

"Barcarole" is the new Ufa film at the Curzon—a Venice setting, French dialogue, Edwige Feuillère and Pierre Richard-Willm as stars, Gerhard Lamprecht as director, and Offenbach's music as background to many of the scenes. Edwige Feuillère and her partner are considered the Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt of the French screen; this is their first film appearance in England

Edwige Feuillère

• FILMS of the DAY

Looking Down on Things

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

THE cinema, as it exists to-day, is not primarily preoccupied with itself as an art, but as a commercial proposition. Those whose business is production and exhibition would not deny it. Their publicity literature invariably confides the cost of a picture, and the prospective or actual box-office returns. True there are a number of theorists—and a few practitioners—who believe that cinematography is a new medium for artistic expression, and there are, mercifully, some films which justify this belief.

AT the moment there seems a tendency towards topical and "interest" films. In succession to the Jubilee productions there was the interesting *R.A.F.*, introduced personally by Jean Batten, coinciding with the annual aerial display at Hendon; and now *Abyssinia*, at the Rialto, comes at a more than appropriate moment.

THIS is another largely aerial film, made by Mittelholtzer, a well-known flying explorer. The air-shots of the country itself, its mountains and its gullies, give a pretty formidable idea of what any European army, no matter how well equipped, would be "up against" in warfare against these dusky and ferocious warriors. The customs photographed show the Abyssinians to be still primitive people, but you do not need to be highly cultured to have an advantage over an enemy coming from a distance, with incalculable transport difficulties, if you are sitting with a rifle behind rocks and crags of roadless, mountainous country of which you know every inch. One wonders what would be the moral effect of showing this film to enthusiastic Italian Fascisti.

AS a matter of fact this picture is entirely non-political, and, but for its momentary significance, would be no more than an extremely interesting travelogue. M. Mittelholtzer must have taken considerable risks both in the air and on land, and is to be congratulated on his achievement and on having won the goodwill of the Abyssinians, even to the extent of getting the Emperor himself and his Court to pose for the camera.

ANOTHER adventure film, made almost entirely from the air, is called *Baboona*. This was made by Mr. and Mrs. Martin-Johnson in two 'planes named The Spirit of Africa and Osa's Ark. Osa happens to be Mrs. Johnson's name, as we are too repetitively informed during the commentary. The aerial shots of jungle and mountain and plain and of wild beasts, generally, and not unnaturally, stampeding, are a good deal more exciting than those taken par terre featuring Osa's activities.

The enterprise which went to the making of this film is to be admired, and the authors consider this their most satisfactory safari, but, although we do get some new "angles" on the beasts of the jungle, there is nothing to distinguish *Baboona* particularly from forerunners of a similar kind. (I still think *Chang* the best of them all.) But for those who like travel and animal films (and there are many) this is a good example.

YOU will see that my title is justified. In all these films the audience is taken vicariously skywards. The camera work is straightforward, and the films go to show the progress of aviation rather than the progress of the cinema.

Now let us consider the evolution of the "art" as practised in the studio. Gangster films and musicals continue in their good, or bad, old ways. We are shortly to see a full-length colour film which, it is said, will revolutionise the cinema. In the meantime, the only recent picture in which there have been extra-ordinary effects is *The Bride of Frankenstein*, in which Karloff is again the monster, Ernest Thesiger a mad professor who composes the bride, in the person of Elsa Lanchester, out of human remains, and Colin Clive is Frankenstein. Horror is piled on terror—unfortunately rather nullified for the less susceptible by the utter incredibility of events. But every sort of ingenuity informs the camera and lighting stunts, and once again we have positively gruesome stories about what the players endured during the filming and at the hands of the make-up man.

BUT, quite honestly, this bears no more relation to the art and scope of the screen than Maskelyne and Devant's Illusions bear to the plays of Shakespeare. It is full of excellent conjuring tricks, and is an authentic thriller for the simple-minded sadist.

YOU CAN OBTAIN A COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE (POST FREE) ON APPLYING TO DEPT. B., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis

Mary Ellis as Simone, "cabaret singer and idol of Paris"

"Paris Love Song"

A New Musical at the Carlton

Below: the blue-stocking in spectacles is still Mary Ellis

MARY ELLIS has got Tullio Carminati as partner in the new musical, *Paris Love Song*, which started its run at the Carlton last week. That makes a nice team: Mary Ellis has every chance to be glamorous and golden-voiced as the cabaret star, and Tullio Carminati, as the Count she's in love with, has his own humorous, off-hand charm. The foursome of sentimental confusion is completed by Ida Lupino and James Blakeley. This is Mary Ellis's first Hollywood film; she was an art student first, then a Metropolitan Opera House singer, and then an actress, taking Shakespeare on her way to comedy and musical comedy. (She's in *Glamorous Night*, at Drury Lane.) Lewis Milestone is the director, and *Paris Love Song* is his first picture under his new Paramount contract

Claude Harris

MRS. LANCE SIEVEKING

A new portrait of the lovely wife of Lance de G. Sieveking, author and member of the B.B.C. staff. He has been at the B.B.C. for ten years, and has been responsible for some of their most experimentalist productions. His new book, "The Perfect Witch," came out quite lately. Mrs. Sieveking paints, has done mannequin work every now and then, and likes sailing; she and her husband have just come back from a sailing expedition with A. P. Herbert. The Sievekings have two children, and a house in Tite Street, Chelsea

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Grizel Fyfe

Is an attractive ex-deb with natural ash-blonde hair and a milky skin; was at a lunch-party with another ex-deb, Virginia Gilliat; is very musical and is going out to Munich to study

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam

Was at Mrs. Charles Cartwright's ball at the Carlton. Earlier in the day she lent her house for a committee meeting for the garden-party at Aldenham House in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign

Mrs. Leo Partridge

Was in the same party as Lady Helena Fitzwilliam at Mrs. Cartwright's ball, and is also helping with the Aldenham House garden-party by entering for one of the air events; is a keen pilot

Well, Where?

On all sides you hear the same question: "Where are you going this summer? What are your plans?" and the same evasive answers. People don't make up their minds in advance about their holidays as they once did. The recent heat-wave and the acute realisation that in July the summer is half-over are two incentives to make plans of one sort or another.

The complete unsuitability of many people's holidays has always amused us. The worst sailors will go on cruises; delicate-skinned beauties who burn like lobsters persist in frying themselves on Riviera beaches; perfectly healthy women take cures, and some very bad shots take grouse moors!

Entertaining friends in a hired country house is a popular notion this summer, and one that is a particular god-send to the odd man or woman who happens to play any game well and amiably, does not eat or drink more than the average host can afford, and who doesn't crab the visit on all sides after having written a particularly effusive bread-and-butter letter.

Lucky Six Hundred

We go to press so early that there was no time last week to mention Mrs. Charles Cartwright's colossal party at the Carlton. It was the sort of entertainment that made us wish we could have arrived much earlier and stayed much later—everything marvellously done, and a super-cabaret at midnight, the star being Dwight Fiske at his very best; but out of six hundred guests, it is difficult to tell you who was there—in fact, who was *not*, in the gay and smart world would be easier.

Our photographic memory retains a picture of the hostess in a grey dress, with marvellous black pearls, a large party of Americans supping near the door, Lady Dashwood waltzing energetically, the Marquise de Portago in white lace and rubies, Mrs. Erskine Gwynne, a charming Titian-haired American, who is having a great success; Miss Dorothy Fell, a blonde ditto; Mrs. Raymond Massey, Miss Dorothy Dickson, to mention six out of six hundred. It was a divine party, in the really grand manner.

Good-bye for a Year

Call yourself an opera lover, and then confess you have not yet been to Glyndebourne, and we won't tell you what we think of you.

We had not been ourselves until the last night of the Mozart Festival, when *The Magic Flute* was on the programme, conducted by Hans Oppenheim. As the Queen of the Night, Noel Eadie sang delightfully (the rest of the cast were as before), Mr. John Christie's speech, in which he paid tribute to Dr. Fritz Busch, the conductor and artistic director, was witty and interesting, and it is good news that the plans for next year's season are now complete, although he would not divulge exactly what they are.

New Cabaret Star

The real test of a successful restaurant is how full it is on a night when several good private parties are on the tapis. There are masses of nice-looking, affluent and hospitable people whose names and faces may be unknown to miserable chroniclers like ourselves, but whose good money and valuable patronage mean everything to the restaurants and night clubs.

The Café de Paris was packed for Gertrude Lawrence's début in cabaret, and yet many of the "going outers" were at the parties given either by Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Musker or Lady Weymouth and Lady Nunburnholme.

At the Café, Gertie Lawrence was received with well-deserved and rapturous applause. She sang new songs and old songs in her own inimitable way, and looked divine in a grey and silver dress. She has that intimate and friendly touch that means everything to a cabaret artiste—and the Café should be packed out during her season.

At This Table and That

There were many big parties for her opening night, one presided over by Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, his mother and step-father; Jack Whiting, who has made such a success in *Anything Goes*. Laura La Plante, bespeckled and blonde, and Jack Dunfee were also in this party.

Lord and Lady Brecknock had a table on the floor, and with them the Nigel Gunnis's, Barbara Newberry (ex-Folly star, now in *Love Laughs—!*), and Mr. Bob Foster, who dances probably better than any other American in London.

The Simon Marks and the Archie

Lady Forres

Gave a small lunch-party at the Bon Viveur, where she goes most regularly; wore hyacinth-blue, which was good with her silver hair

Lord Carnegie

Was in Lady Forres' lunch-party at the Bon Viveur; is Lord Southesk's eldest son, Princess Maud's husband since 1923, and father of the nearly six-year-old Master of Carnegie

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck

Was sketched in front of the photograph of herself as Daphne in Yevonde's "Intimate Exhibition — Goddesses and Others," at her Berkeley Square studio

Campbells were others of Miss Lawrence's admirers who had looked in to "give Gertie a hand."

Affianced and Travelled

WE must also mention the newly-engaged Mrs. Dupont, very demure in long white gloves and a black velvet ribbon tied round her neck, dancing with her tall fiancé. Isn't it odd how quickly we get accustomed to an engagement that was such a complete surprise! They look so blissfully happy that we cannot imagine them in any other but an affianced state.

Mrs. Woolley-Hart, whose new halo-esque hairdressing suits her a treat, reappeared that night after months of far-off globe-trotting. She was with the Alec Barclays. He used to be in the Queen's Bays, and was—maybe *is*—a good polo player. ("Crack," we believe, is the word, though why?)

Lots of Nice Americans

MEANWHILE, the Weymouth-Nunburnholme party was going with a swing, "among those present" being the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The latter danced with Lady Plunket, who could win a world-wide competition for real niceness, as well as good looks. A marquee built on to the house and easy access to the champagne at a buffet table the entire evening may have been two reasons why this party was such a complete success. Guests are not only thirsty at supper time, and it is better never to have given a party at all than to allow "the drink" to run out.

[Wine merchants please note free ad!]

There were lots of nice Americans at this party. Miss Bee Paterson, of the big blue eyes; Miss Sanford, whom we remember as a brilliant aquaplaner at Cannes a year or two ago; and Mrs. Forestall. The two last-named have taken Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's house in Cowley Street, and gave a good party there the following night—quick repartee in entertaining in the truly hospitable American manner.

Cross-Channel

MAYFAIRITES swarmed over to Paris for the Grand Prix week-end, and the old Ritz Bar was bursting with English and Americans. Round the town at night meant Florence's, where Victor beamed at hearing of his nephew John's success at Punch's, Bricktops, and George Carpentier's new place, where the ex-boxer hero greets you on arrival.

Either in the Bois or on the race-course (we forget which) we saw Lord Sligo, the Brinsley Plunkets, Prince Aly Khan, Mrs. Tanis Montague, Noel Coward, Mrs. Loel Guinness, Lord Carnarvon, the "lucky" Dewars, the Woolf Barnatos, and "Winkie" Portman, who, as the Beau Brummel of the age, must not let us down by dressing for Le Croquet when racing. The racing was good, the weather was perfect, the fun was "the top," so if we lost a bit, who cares!

How They Learn

THOSE of you who have seen and marvelled at the behaviour of police horses among the multitudes at times like the Jubilee celebrations, should go to the Metropolitan Police Horse Show at Imber Court, on July 10th and 11th. The Duke of Kent has promised to be present, and, in addition to amazing exhibitions of skilled horsemanship, you will see exactly how the animals are trained for the crowd business.

Twinge of Envy

MUCH of the sedately royal atmosphere at Claridge's has been dispelled by the invasion of a flock of smart Americans. And Sir Robert Throckmorton going up to or coming down from a cocktail-party would be enough in itself to liven any place up.

Lunching there the other day we saw the Countess of Warwick, becomingly sunburnt, with her grandmother, Mrs. Jarratt; Lady Castlerosse, as chic and soignée as ever, in a cool grey satin dress, faintly patterned. How well-dressed she always is—or is it how she wears the things? I think it is, because you can see the same dress on another woman, and not feel that twinge of imitative envy that Lady Castlerosse inspires in so many feminine hearts.

A party of sartorial importance that day was a round-table conference near the door that included Mme. Dubonnet and Mrs. Simon Brand.

Reasons for Unpunctuality

SEVERAL big cocktail-parties filled in our cinq à sept hours last week, all so enjoyable that the cursing we got for being late for subsequent dates was well worth it. King George of Greece was at the party given by Lady Brabourne and her brother, Lord Sligo, at which, rather naturally, we met one or two Indian Potentates in as much as Lord Brabourne is Governor of Bombay. That very good-looking young Maharaja of Cooch Behar was there, and the Aga Khan arrived at the tail-end of the party. We may be very simple, but we have actually only just heard of the gushing lady who was asking someone all about India, and said, "Do tell me, did you really see the Aga Khan by moonlight?" Oddly enough, nearly every woman wore blue at this party. Mrs. Lee Guinness was there looking very attractive and little-girlish in a spotted dress, Lady Warrender, just back from Cannes, where she stayed with Miss Maxine Elliott in that lovely villa, the Château de l'Horizon, Lady Dufferin, a symphony in blue with

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

The Maitland—Bevis Wedding

Left: Richard Heriot-Maitland, only son of Brig.-General and Mrs. J. A. Heriot-Maitland, of Errol Park, Perthshire, and Patricia Bevis, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Cecil Bevis, of Alderhurst, Englefield Green, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Below: Raymond Quilter and Margery Cooke had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding. He is the son of Sir Cuthbert and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Bawdsey Manor, Suffolk, and she is the daughter of Douglas Cooke, M.P., and Mrs. Cooke, of 35a, Great Cumberland Place

Mr. Raymond Quilter and Miss Margery Cooke

an out-size in hats; Mrs. Vyvian Drury, blue again, Miss O'Malley Keyes in two shades of the same colour.

Another six o'clock party was that given by Sir Michael and Lady Assheton-Smith at Claridge's. There are pictures of this somewhere in this paper, so look for yourselves and see who was there.

The Provotoroffs took the Hungaria for their cocktail-party last Thursday—a very, very hot day. Lady Caroline Paget arrived in a quaint little dress with wide white sleeves. Mrs. Musker was being congratulated on the success of her party, and Lady Veronica Hornby, in a white hat perched daringly on the back of her head, lived up to her reputation for chic.

Chapter and Verse

EVEN the dim lighting of the Florida could not obscure the brilliance of the enormous diamond plaque worn by an "orchided" blonde in blue last Thursday night. It was Mistinguette, the famous French artiste, who arrived with a party about 2 a.m. An amusing new feature inaugurated at this Doyen of Bottle Parties is the screen let down behind the band, showing the words of the song thereon—a popular idea with rather a complicated ditty such as "You're the Top."

Why So Violent?

FIGHTS seem to be in the air all around us, but you can't fight in the air for one thing, or in a flat either, if it comes to that. It seems so silly to want to settle all those differences so violently afterwards, anyway, when the harm, if any, is already done. Forget it, would seem to be the answer. In case this nameless paragraph reminds you of that defunct but disturbing page, "Listen," we will refrain from further comment. MISS PEEPS

The striking Camera Study, "Rhythm," on page 21 of last week's issue, was incorrectly acknowledged. It is by Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House, Lower Regent Street.

Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies at the Pagets' Great Garden-Party

Here are eight of Mr. Cochran's loveliest Young Ladies parading round the swimming-pool at Ibstock Place, Roehampton. They and the swimming-pool itself are the chief attractions at the giant garden-party that Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget give around this time of year. It's an occasion for attractive women, with the hostess, her daughter Anne, and her twin debutante nieces, Mamaine and Celia Mary, heading the list

FRANCES DEE AS THACKERAY'S AMELIA SEDLEY

Frances Dee is the lovely girl who plays Amelia Sedley in the new Radio technicolour version of "Becky Sharp" that everyone is talking about. Its première is to-morrow night at the New Gallery, under Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's chairmanship, in aid of the Kennington Day Nursery. "Becky Sharp" is red-letter film, as well as social, news, as it introduces an entirely new colour-technique, and if that's a success, it means revolution in the studios. Frances Dee is a featured player in the cast, Miriam Hopkins as Becky and Cedric Hardwicke as the Marquess of Steyne being the stars. She is Joel McCrea's wife, and had a small son not long ago; this is her first picture since he was born

Young
Favo

A Trio
the P

When "The Golden Arrow"
Theatre there were differen
and public as to the merits
no difference of opinion ex
who, on this her first appe
the principal part of a
to the life. "The Golde
flight, but it shows wha
when so experienced a
chose Greer Garson to pla
revival of "Vintage Wine"
played by Claire Luce in

Gre

Walter Bird

Antoinette Cellier

Beauty and brains are allied in Antoinette Cellier, who is the "victim" of heredity in that she is the daughter of that admirable and versatile actor, Frank Cellier. She attracted much attention when playing in a comedy called "Sixteen," by Aimée and Philip Stewart, which, first seen at the Embassy, was later transferred to the Criterion Theatre, where her performance helped the comedy to achieve a satisfactory run. Antoinette has also appeared on the films, and is playing in the new B.I.P., "Music Hath Charms," in which Henry Hall is starring

Footlight urites

Talent in blic Eye

as lately produced at the Whitehall of opinion among both critics the play. There was, however, rning Greer Garson, seen below, rance in the West End, played oung American, and played it Arrow" achieved but a short was thought of this neophite nager as Sir Seymour Hicks at the Victoria Palace in the e very important part previously original production at Daly's

Garson

Houston Rogers

Walter Bird

Joan Maude

Another case of inheriting talent is observable in Joan Maude, for her mother is Nancy Price, of People's Theatre fame, whose Hilda Gunning in Pinero's "Letty" remains a joyous memory. She has had considerable stage experience, and is at the moment making much of a difficult part in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," at the St. Martin's Theatre, where she plays a woman so attractive that murder is attempted for her sake. It says much for the effectiveness of her performance that this does not seem to strain the probabilities. Joan Maude has also done a good deal of film work, which is not surprising, for this young actress is exceedingly decorative

Photographs by Anthony

Baronova in "Le Spectre de la Rose"

Irina Baronova

Ballerina of Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

TO see Baronova dance (Arnold Haskell calls her the "most poetical of modern ballerinas"), to be held spellbound by the beauty and passion of her pas de deux with Lichine in *Présages*, and then to remember that, if she wasn't a dancer, she'd be just a schoolgirl of sixteen, is to believe once and for all in the ageless miracle of the ballet. Baronova, known as the baby of the company, is a pupil of Olga Preobrajenska's famous studio in Paris, made her début when Colonel de Basil opened his first season in Monte Carlo in 1931, and appeared in London for the first time in 1933 at the Alhambra. Here she is photographed in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, one of her loveliest parts; in contrast to the profundity of feeling in her dancing in this and *Présages*, her versatility includes the gaiety and a kind of serene humour for such characters as the jealous Top in *Jeux d'Enfants*, the vamp in *Union Pacific*, and the charming little soubrette in *Beau Danube*

"Goddesses and Others"

Four Portraits From Yevonde's Exhibition

Arethusa (Lady Bridget Poulett)

THESE four photographs are among the collection of direct-colour photographs now on show at Yevonde's studio in Berkeley Square, under the title of "An Intimate Exhibition — Goddesses and Others." The exhibition, which started last week, is open in the afternoons until July 20th

Persephone (Mrs. Longdon)

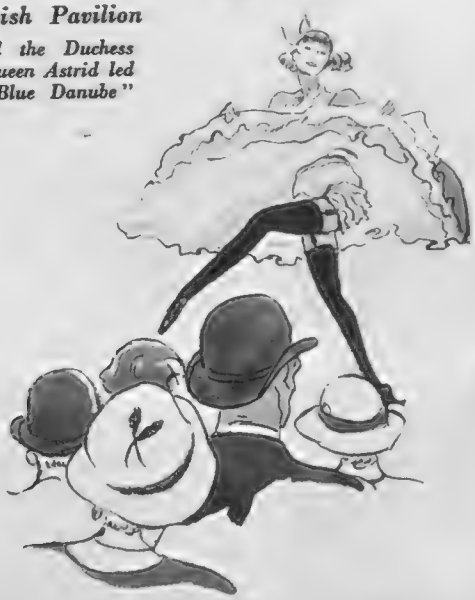
Minerva (Mrs. Balcon)

Medusa (Mrs. Mayer)

The Grand Ball at the British Pavilion

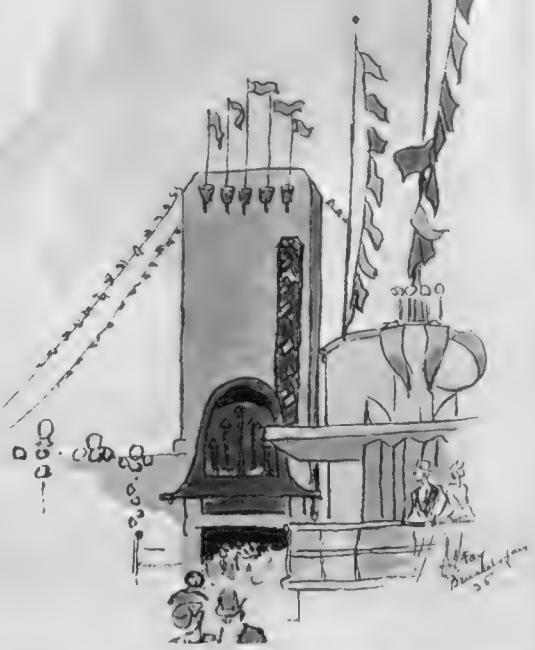
The King of the Belgians and the Duchess of York, the Duke of York and Queen Astrid led off while the band played the "Blue Danube"

One of the Statues Outside the Pavillon du Congo



Watching a Lively Can-Can Dancer in the Amusement Park

Besides the Royal visit to Brussels, British Week included the appearance of two of H.M. sloops in the port, a concert by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Beecham conducting, in the Palais des Beaux Arts, performances by the bands of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders, reel dancing, and so on. The British Pavilion itself is one of the most impressive of the many fine buildings in the 250-acre site of the Exhibition; it is dedicated to the people of Belgium "in recognition of a hundred years of friendship"



Another View of the Pavillon du Congo

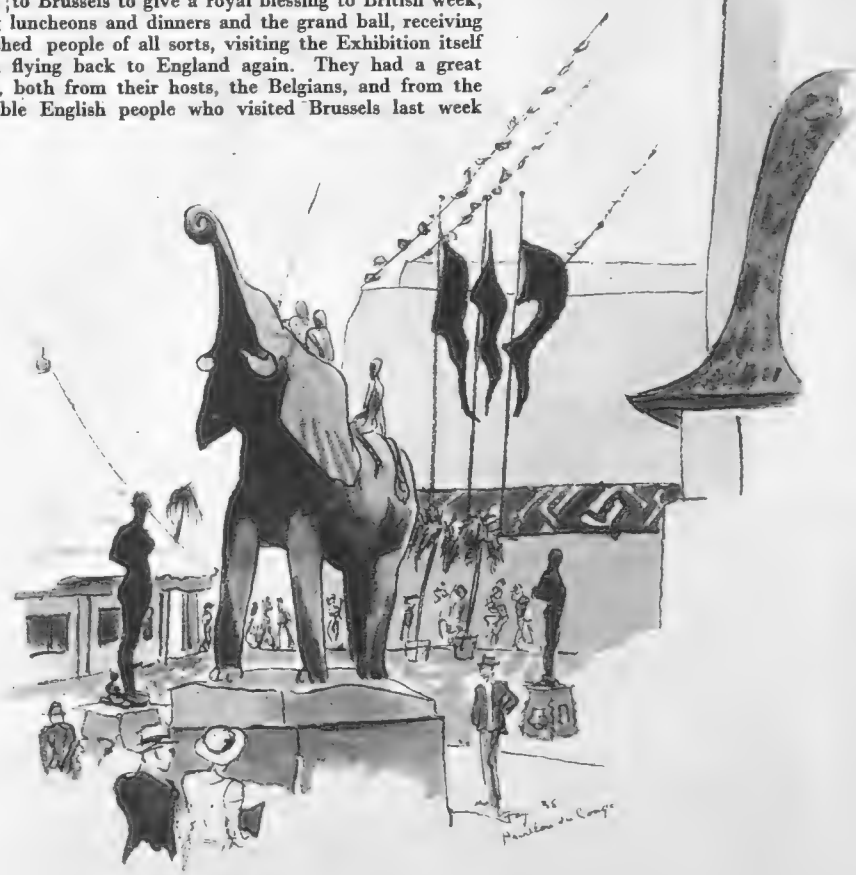
The Brussels Exhibition

Impressions of "British Week" and the Royal Visit, by Clark Fay

THE Duke and Duchess of York spent three crowded days, flying to Brussels to give a royal blessing to British week, attending luncheons and dinners and the grand ball, receiving distinguished people of all sorts, visiting the Exhibition itself and then flying back to England again. They had a great reception, both from their hosts, the Belgians, and from the innumerable English people who visited Brussels last week

Vieux Bruxelles

A corner of the amazingly reproduced "Old Town," one of the most popular features of the Exhibition



Le Pavillon du Congo

Below: another sketch of the ball at the British Pavilion; the Royal party are on the right

Off-Stage

Left: Sacha Guitry and his attractive wife (she's the third) are appearing in "Mon Double et Ma Moitié" for this, the second week of their fortnight's season at Daly's. Mme. Guitry is Jacqueline Delubac on the stage; she was over here two years ago as Guitry's leading lady. Guitry's most witty little book, "Memoirs of a Cheat," was published here a month or two ago

Below: Carol Coombe, who plays lead in "Lady Precious Stream," gave a Chinese lunch the other day, and used her chopsticks with expertise. On the left is Mei Lan-Fang, the actor who, according to the Chinese custom of having men in women's parts, played female lead in "Lady Precious Stream" all over China. On the right is S. I. Hsiung, the author of the play

The Sacha Guitrys

Sasha

Carol Coombe Gives a Chopstick Lunch

Swaebe

Gertrude Lawrence in Cabaret

Here is Gertrude Lawrence "playing to the gallery"—in other words, to the balcony—at the Café de Paris, where she is making her first and terrifically popular appearance in cabaret. The photograph on the right was taken on her opening night last week

Swaebe

Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., Gertrude Lawrence, and Jack Dunfee

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AND THERE ARE EIGHTY-FIVE THOUSAND MORE AT HOME . . .

These sturdy girls are twenty-four of Miss Prunella Stack's young ladies — that's to say, they belong to the Women's League of Health and Beauty, whose membership is now somewhere between eighty and ninety thousand. The late Mrs. Bagot Stack founded the League five years ago, with sixteen members; now there are branches all over the British Isles, and in Denmark and New York, and Prunella Stack has succeeded her mother as the head of the show. Most of the members work in offices, shops, or factories, and they go and make their energetic bid for beauty and health when their richer sisters are drinking cocktails or dressing for dinner—and get a lot more fun out of it, too, on the whole

Women's Golf:

All Over the Place

By

Eleanor E. Helme

Welsh Internationals

Miss P. Lloyd and Miss Barbara Pyman, who each won two out of three of their International matches for Wales at Newcastle, Co. Down

Irish Golf Champion

Miss "Pat" Sherlock, the Irish Golf Champion, keeping fit by rolling the putting green at home. In the Championship at Newcastle she beat the English Champion, Miss Phyllis Wade, one up

Ladies' Golf—

Lords v. Commons

Miss Schreiber and Mrs. Charles Mills on the first tee at Walton Heath, where the match was played

Dear Bystander,

Another overbrimming week, with perhaps the chief news in the success of Lancashire and of Essex in reaching the county finals. Lancashire played off their tie with Yorkshire at Sandiway, in Cheshire, a lovely course which does not belie its name, and won by five matches to two. I wish I could have been there. Miss Berry had harder work to beat Miss Platts than she had had at Hallamshire—it was only 4 and 3 this time. Mrs. Newton could not hold Miss Mary Johnson, who won by 5 and 4, and students of form and critics of selection committees will be quick to note that result, following on Miss Johnson's two wins of the week before from Miss Corlett. Enough said on a thorny subject, maybe, but one does hope that some day Miss Johnson will get the recognition she has earned. Miss Corlett won 2 up from Miss Wragg; Miss Firth lost 1 down to Mrs. Swinscoe; Mrs. Barbour won at the 22nd from Miss Barbara Lees; Mrs. Soulby 1 up from Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Aitchison 3 and 1 from Miss Leetham. In the afternoon they took on Carnarvonshire, since the Welsh northern winner and the English have to play each other for the place in the final, and won by 6 to 1. Hence Lancashire, lamenting not a little that Mrs. Hodson will be captaining the British Touring Team in Australia instead of them at Birkdale, will duly appear there in September.

Essex earned the right to meet them there by an odd match win from Surrey at Beaconsfield. Miss Gourlay did nobly to beat Miss Dorrit Wilkins at the 21st, after being two down and three to go, but Mrs. Garon squared things by a really brilliant 6 and 5 win from Mrs. Peel, being just about level fours for the match, and hitting the ball a great deal further than ever before as a result of lessons from Robson. Like a multitude of other golfers, she has immense faith in his teaching. Miss Mervyn Barton beat Miss Garnham 3 and 1; Miss Hamilton beat Miss Plumpton at the 20th, so that was three to Surrey and only one to Essex; but Essex's tail wagged grandly, Miss Audrey Holmes, 3 and 2; Mrs. Walker at the 20th; and Miss Young, 5 and 3, getting home respectively from Mrs. Fish, Miss Sylvia Bailey, and Miss Halsted.

I was busy that day watching mixed foursomes between the Lords and Commons at Walton Heath. The Lords have always won this annual match; indeed, up to date, they have never lost so much as a single individual game in it; but this time Lady Lymington and Mr. Michael Beaumont achieved that much for the Commons.

The match over, Lady Headfort was amongst those who were at their Majesties' Court that evening, she presenting her oft-time partner, Miss Dorothy Pearson. There were quite a number of golfers there: Mrs. Carbutt, Mrs. John Gage, and Lady Alness all being presented again; and Miss Blanche Lockwood, the Yorkshire stalwart, for the first time. And Sir Guy Campbell was there too, rumour says (probably truly), without his famous muffler.

Court or no Court, twenty-six a-side assembled at Walton Heath again the next morning for the ladies' Lords v. Commons, the Commons, also according to precedent, winning with something to spare, 17½ to 9½ to be exact. It was good fun watching Mrs. Charles Mills, Wales's new recruit, play Miss Cradock-Hartopp, for Mrs. Mills really has a most convincing swing, and the way she rattled in the putts for the first five holes was splendid. Miss Hartopp stemmed the tide after that, but could not avoid being beaten 3 and 2 in the end.

Next day, Sandy Lodge invitation meeting. There was first-class scoring, too, Mrs. Guedalla winning the scratch prize with 73, after a tie with Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Enid Wilson the first handicap with 74 plus 3—77.

From Sandy Lodge I hied me down to an equally delightful invitation meeting of another sort, the dinner and dance which Rochester and Cobham gave in honour of their most distinguished member's win of the Ladies' Open Championship. It is easy to see how beloved—it didn't seem to me the word is too strong—Miss Wanda Morgan is there; Lord Darnley's speech, the really beautiful diamond-and-platinum brooch in the figures "1935," the resounding applause, all showed what the members feel about her. The evening overflowed with kindness. Debroy Somers, who has lately joined the club, lent his band; Mr. Collings entertained delightfully; so did everybody else; and the garden of the Leather Bottle at Cobham was deliciously cool and pretty and I am sorry I am no Bernard Darwin to give you apt allusions to Pickwick.

Next day to Bramley, for the exhibition match in aid of St. Dunstan's, with Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Mervyn Barton on one side, and Miss Ada Mackenzie and Miss Diana Fishwick on the other. It was hot enough down below, but there was a most refreshing breeze, to say nothing of long drinks, at the top of the hill, the course was in really perfect condition, and there were any number of good shots played by everybody. Miss Fishwick was the most consistent, but Miss Wilson came right into her own after the turn, and in the end, notwithstanding Miss Mackenzie's great chipping, Miss Wilson and Miss Barton managed to halve the match, thanks to a very good putt from the latter to win the 18th.

Delightful hospitality from the parents of Miss Brenda Norris, last year's Girls' Championship semi-finalist, and back to town under the stars. Of Girls' Championship also more shortly: you realise there is great news in the offing about that, don't you? Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme

British Aircraft on Parade

By Charles Ward

The Earl of Jersey, a recent soloist at Heston, listening to words of advice from Captain V. H. Baker, better known as "Bake," chief instructor at the Airwork School

Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, one of several brothers, all of whom fly, with "Batts" Page, who is on the flying staff at Heston and is shortly to be married to Miss R. Tyler, of Oadby, Leicestershire

THE R.A.F. Display is for the public, and as an entertainment it has been good value. Aerobatics with smoke, crazy flying, stunting in formation by three "Furies," parachute descents, these were popular items last Saturday week, but air drill is frankly a little tiring for the eyes. The high speed of modern fighters is robbing aerobatics of many of its thrills, and when silent aircraft are developed there will be little left to the imagination. All of which leads to the conclusion that no variety can be introduced into a purely official function without descending to the level of a circus, and therefore it may well be that the Display has run its course; at any rate, for a year or so. There are rumours, some officially inspired, no doubt, that it will be discontinued for the time being, owing to the necessity for concentration on the expansion programme. Empire Air Day might take its place, with a display at every Air Force aerodrome and an event at Hendon, organised by private enterprise, including all the popular items, with the addition of civil "turns" which are out of place at a Service function. The Display itself is for the benefit of R.A.F. charities, and therefore any substitute must be planned to cater for these as fully as in the past.

The Trade Show

THE S.B.A.C. Exhibition at Hendon is a rally for buyers from home and overseas. The Industry meets its associates and customers on the same ground as the R.A.F. meets its relations and old comrades on the previous Saturday, but with this difference—the public is excluded. Instead of 250,000 people, there are perhaps 3000 present to watch the flying and examine the 'planes and accessories at leisure. The demonstrations are of a high order. Each firm endeavours to show off its wares to the best advantage, and there are no official restrictions on the throttle. Staniland's performance on the Fairey multi-gun fighter was a revelation. This type, fitted with an Hispaño-Suiza engine, is being built for Belgium and is guaranteed a speed in excess of 250 miles an hour. Its speed range appeared not the least remarkable quality, for the approach and landing itself were accomplished at the same pace as for a Moth. The Supermarine "Seagull" repeated itself. Fast climbing turns and two tight loops were proof enough that last year's demonstration was no freak performance. The "Comet," the "Mew Gull," the "Envoy," and especially the Hendy "Heck," with its brilliant finish in black and gold, proved most conclusively that high speed and low power is a combination which we understand, coupled with the ability to produce something attractive to the eye. The "Jubilee" Monospar was much admired, and, at its price, there is no better value to be obtained. Mr. Gordon England told me that the homing device or "radio compass," as it is called in the States, is a great success, which is a good thing.

At Heston

THERE has been record business at the Airwork School—60 hours' flying in two days. A good deal of training is carried out at Harmondsworth by permission of the Fairey Company. It is quite near Heston—just over the hedges, in fact; landings and circuits can be made without the harassing feeling that an air liner is coming in on the pupil's tail. The landing area at Heston is being enlarged again—150 acres will be available next spring. The giant hangar has taken shape, and workmen are busy with internal fittings and tarmac. I had breakfast on the lawn in front of the Club-house the other day—everything is done to make visitors and passengers most comfortable and the catering is excellent. Two members of the Airport Club, Mr. G. H. Wilson-Fox and Fräulein Marianne Winkelstern, made their honeymoon flight to the South of France in the bridegroom's "Leopard." In these days of shorter honeymoons, flying there to save time has become a fashion. All the charter companies get this lucrative business at some time or another, and pilots are reported to be quite hardened to their task. Mr. Morris Jackaman used to specialise for wedding parties before he took up the managing-directorship of Airports, Ltd., as a whole-time job. His Monospar was known as the "Honeymoon Express." Some people have realised that the "Inner Circle" is good value in joy-rides—thirty minutes' flying for 10s. 6d. This is the time and fare for a return flight between Heston and Croydon. The Avro 642, carrying sixteen passengers, is in use instead of a "Dragon" as occasion demands.

Here and There by Air

HILLMAN'S services to Brussels, with an intermediate call at Ostend, are in full swing with three departures daily. Their Paris traffic has increased to a point where D.H. Express liners are needed, and these make four journeys a day in each direction. Lady Cunliffe-Lister christened the first of the Express liners "Drake," and was a member of the party on its initial trip to Paris. It is possible that the Company will start a service between Ramsgate and Belgium as soon as the Thanet Airport is ready. Mr. Whitney Straight, the racing motorist, who has big interests in aviation, is taking a lease at the new airport to operate a line to Heston. The "Hornet" is selling well on the D.H. reputation alone, which is to be expected. There are four months' orders in hand, a large number being for overseas, where no demonstration model has been seen, of course. Lower down the scale of price and performance the "Drone" seems likely to multiply. Cross-country flights by Robert Kronfeld and Flt.-Lt. E. L. Mole, both well-known glider experts, have proved that this little machine is capable of serious journeys at low cost. The "Flying Flea" has not yet flown in England, but there are two almost ready for the air. Meanwhile the Air League's "Pou Club" increases its membership every day. The English translation of Mignet's book should be ready this month.

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By A. G. Macdonell

THOSE who burst into floods of sentimental tears whenever anyone suggests that the typical Prussian is not exactly a fairy out of a Barrie play, ought to read *All Quiet in Germany* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), by Karl Billinger. It is one of the most terrible books I have ever read. The author is an avowed Communist. He makes no bones about it. When the Nazi régime came into power he was seized and flung into prison, and this is his record of what he saw and suffered there. Torture was the everyday routine. Brutality, savagery, inhumanity were commoner than flies in the insanitary dungeons. No mediæval sadist revelled in cruelty more hideously than these Brown-shirts and Storm-Troopers, swung into autocratic positions by the Nazi revolution. Even if Herr Billinger has exaggerated, even if fifty per cent. of his descriptions are untrue, nevertheless there would be enough ghastliness left to horrify humanity. And there has been plenty of corroborative evidence during the last year or two in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* to make it quite certain that Herr Billinger has not exaggerated. It is sad to think that there is no great statesman in Britain to-day who will stand up fearlessly and denounce the Prussian horrors, as Gladstone stood up and denounced the Neapolitan horrors a hundred years ago. There is a chance to-day, as there was then, to speak of "the negation of God erected into a system of Government."

"PIPE ALL HANDS" is the title of "Sinbad's" new volume of short stories (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), and that redoubtable seafaring man is in his usual roaring, rampaging form. Desperate deeds are done in the rigging off Cape Horn; smashing blows are given and taken; the green scud of the Seven Seas goes racing past. But—all the same—I am beginning to wonder. I have a sneaking sort of suspicion that "Sinbad" is becoming sentimental. Can it be that the softness of the land is getting hold of him, that he has been too long away, brother, and that what he really wants is a star to steer her by, and so on? One or two of these stories might almost have been written for Christopher Robin, so simple is the romantic appeal. And one of them would bring tears to the eyes of Wendy and Peter. It is about a stern, tough business egg who buys an old hulk and fits her out as a pleasure-boat for crippled children. But, apart from this landlubberly softness, "Sinbad" is as splendid as ever in his descriptions of life in the old sailing-ships.

"OVER MY SHOULDER" (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.) is a capital travel book by Bernard Martin. It is mainly concerned with the Far East, especially the bit that was Conrad's speciality and was afterwards annexed by Mr. Somerset Maugham—that is to say, Malaya. But there is also pleasant chat about New Zealand, Australia, Siam, Burma, and Japan, and the book is illustrated by the author's own photographs.

BEFORE Mr. Hervey Allen sprang into fame with his colossal *Anthony Adverse*, he had written an equally colossal life of Edgar Allen Poe, and this is now published for the first time in this country, at 18s., by Messrs. Gollancz. It certainly is an immense work, and I doubt if anyone else will ever attempt to write a biography of Poe again. For Mr. Allen is none of your slapdash biographers. He has covered every inch of the ground with the most meticulous care. His researches must have lasted for years and years. It is a strange and terrible tale that is unfolded, the tale of a very great genius who died in poverty, misery, and almost insanity, of a poet who tortured himself into a frenzy of unhappiness, of a great artist who created many tragedies, but none so terrible as the tragedy he created of his own life. *Israfel*, for such is the title of this book, is almost certain to become the standard life of Poe. It is a mine of information about a tragic character.

Merton Hodge

The doctor-dramatist, author of "The Wind and the Rain," which boasts of being London's longest run, and "Grief Goes Over." The former play has also been seen in New York, with Frank Lawton in the cast

MISS HELEN WHITE has chosen a most unusual period for her long historical novel, *Not Built With Hands* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), for her scene is laid in that intensely exciting, and enormously important, decade when Emperor and Pope were struggling for supremacy over the Western World. The climax of the struggle, and it is Miss White's climax, was the historic scene at Canossa, when the Emperor was forced to humble himself before the great Pope Gregory the Seventh. Miss White is certainly a thorough writer. Her work is careful and her details are exact. She has obviously studied her subject minutely. But somehow the result is rather flat. There is none of the gallant fieriness that has swept through the great historical novels of the world, nor is there the wealth of subsidiary characters with which, for example, Walter Scott kept his readers fascinated even when the main story was flagging. It may be that Miss White is bowed down by the weight of her own learning. After all, great erudition does not always lead to light laughter, and if one finger-post points the scholar's way to romance, another points the way to pedantry. I am not saying that Miss White is pedantic in her tale of Matilda, the young and beautiful Countess of Tuscany, because she is not. But I do think she is a little too solemn, and a little too determined to be historically accurate at all costs.

THE Misses Ann Stafford and Jane Oliver have collaborated in the production of a pleasant little novel called *Cuckoo in June* (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), illustrated with most amusing drawings. (An illustrated novel is in itself an unusual phenomenon.) It is the story of an extremely difficult and malicious young woman called Verity, who is beautiful to the point of driving males to distraction and irritating enough to do ditto for females. She is sent abroad to learn a little sense and learns none, and ultimately experiences a change of heart among horses and dogs on a West Country farm. I had no idea that this sort of environment brought out all that is best and noblest, etc., in the human heart. *Cuckoo in June* is good fun and decidedly recommendable.

LASTLY, our old friend Poirot is with us again. *Death in the Clouds* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is Mrs. Agatha Christie's latest detective novel, and the gallant little Belgian is in his best form. He is one of the very few modern detectives whose character does not pall and whose mannerisms do not annoy. As usual, he is accompanied by his stout colleague, Inspector Tapp, of the Yard.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Shorts for the tennis player are ideal, as they afford complete freedom. The figure on the right is wearing a pair in white flecked linen with a divided skirt, knife-pleats, and a Peter Pan collar. Her coat is in pure wool blanket cloth, with a tailored collar and large patch pockets. Both these may be seen in the sports department at Liberty's, Regent Street. There are also tennis frocks in crease-resisting linen for 39s. 6d., and admirably tailored cardigan suits in a soft wool material which suggests linen, for 4½ guineas

Lenars

Studies in Contrast for Summer Evenings

Grace and simplicity combine to make this frock, created by Corot, the well-known artist in dress, 33, Old Bond Street. It is expressed in an elusive shade of coral chiffon with a flowing skirt. A ruched effect round the hem is achieved by the circular pleated frilling, which is carried up the side to form a cascade and outlines the neck. Softly draping the shoulders is a cape edged with pleating. Another very lovely frock to be seen in these salons is carried out in printed satin with a black ground and sweet peas scattered here and there

The classical lines of the frock on the right are accentuated by the richness of the material, a shimmering satin in eau de Nil. It is 6½ guineas, designed by Corot with a moulded skirt and short train. A butterfly draping embroidered in silver and diamanté forms part of the corsage, which has a plain, low-cut back. By the way, there is a simple method of extended credit, and details of this, together with an illustrated catalogue, will be sent gratis and post free on request. The latter should be carefully studied, as there are distinctive frocks for all occasions at moderate prices

Lenare

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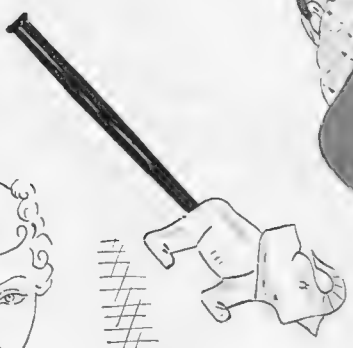
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA.

PICTURED BY PAM.

The cocktail-bag on the left may be seen at Woolland's, and is expressed in brocade with pink and beige as the predominating colours. It has a gilt frame and is fitted with powder-puff, cigarette-case, and purse, etc.

Also from Woolland's is this ultra-smart bag. It is made in black suède lined with satin, and is mounted on an elaborately carved pristal frame. Another merit is that it holds a great deal without appearing bulky



This cigarette-holder suggests that elephants have taken to smoking, which is certainly news. It only costs 3s. 11½d., and may be seen at Woolland's, Knightsbridge

There is something Continental about this lemonade set. The would-be chianti flask is encased in coloured raffia and has a compartment for ice. There are four tumblers, though only two are illustrated, and the cost is 18s. 9d. from Woolland's

No frock is complete without flowers from the Mayfair Flower Salons at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Illustrated are three different ways of wearing them. As a necklace, below the hips, and round the wrist. A waistcoat effect is achieved by the wild roses on the right

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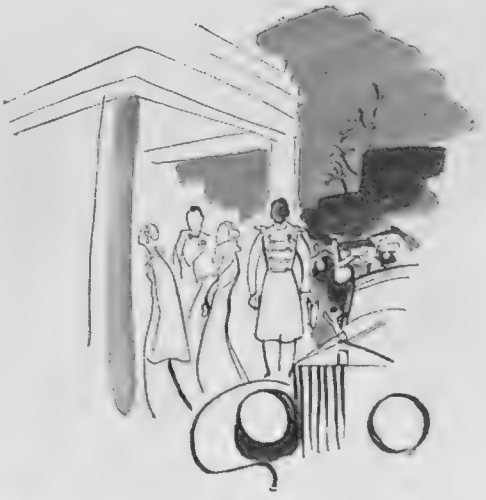


MONTE CARLO BEACH

The Open Golf Championship

By J. S. F. Morrison

ALFRED PERRY, professional to the Leatherhead Golf Club, won the Open Championship, which this year was played over the links of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers at Muirfield, with a score of 283, the best ever returned, although it has been equalled by Cotton at Royal St. Georges last year, and by Sarazen at Prince's, Sandwich, in 1932. His individual rounds were 69, 75, 67 and 72, or, for the benefit of those whose mathematical calculations are not very rapid, five under an average of fours, and points worthy of notice are that his 67 was produced in the most unfavourable weather conditions of the Championship, and in what is considered by many the vital round, namely, the third. Perry did not qualify without a struggle: his first qualifying round of 78 left him little margin for errors in his second, but he qualified with a score of only one stroke less than the maximum. It is astonishing how many people there are who apparently delight in disparaging the golfing abilities of winners of golf competitions. One young good golfer stated that he did not think Perry would ever finish in the first five again, and another that he knew Perry was a good pat-ball player, but did not know that he was a good golfer. Over seventy-two holes of medal play the element of luck is cut down to the absolute minimum; the only luck Perry had was the fact that he was a late starter on the Wednesday, when the early and late starters played under more favourable conditions than those who started about the middle of the day. On the Wednesday it was misty early in the morning; rain started to fall about 11.30, at 1.10 there was a deluge, but at 2.10 the playing conditions were perfect, except for a light rain, which did not inconvenience the players to any great extent. On this day one could not help pitying the nurses who were selling the programmes for the benefit of the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children, and the lady markers, who were numerous. Although there were many lady spectators, skirts were conspicuous by their absence.

Amongst those who entered and scratched before play started were such distinguished golfers as Gene Sarazen, C. J. H. Tolley, and J. de Forest. Good players who failed to survive the qualifying test were A. de la Torre, of Spain, Rex Hartley, despite a round of 71 at Gullane, Sandy Herd, James Braid, H. G. Bentley, L. G. Garnett, and W. Willis Mackenzie, who held the amateur record of the course before this Championship began. Two players who had played extremely well in the previous professional competitions disappointed sadly at Muirfield, namely, R. Burton, of Hooton, who failed to get into the last sixty, and E. W. Jarman, who finished nearly at the bottom of the list and was defeated by all the amateurs.

I SUPPOSE everyone will want to know what happened to Cotton, who was, I believe, the hottest favourite there has ever been for the Open Championship. From his play during his extensive period of practice over Muirfield, and from his play in the qualifying rounds, there were very many who thought that he would not only win, but run away with this Championship. Practically the only people who did not think he would win were the superstitious, who argued that the leader of the qualifying rounds seldom wins. Personally, I can remember only one leader of the qualifying rounds who subsequently won; this was R. T. Jones, who led the qualifiers at Sunningdale in 1926 with scores of 66 and 68; but that year the qualifying took place in various districts and not on the Championship course of the year and another close to it. On the other hand, I can recall many players, who have just scraped through the qualifying test and then gone on to win the Championship, including the great J. H. Taylor, Walter Hagen, and the present champion, while Craig Wood, who tied with D. Shute at St. Andrews in 1933, had to work hard and play a very good second round to qualify. Cotton could not have had a better start: he played his first nine holes in one stroke better than perfect golf; he had a three at the third (382 yards), and coming home he played most beautifully, and was two better than perfect golf when he stood on the eighteenth tee, having holed the twelfth (380 yards) in three; at the eighteenth he pulled his tee shot into a bunker, and as it turned out, was unfortunate to find it lying well, as he tried to reach the green, hit the face of the bunker, and remained in; he played out into another bunker short of the green, and was actually not on the area specially prepared for putting in four strokes; he, however, played a good run-up and holed his putt for a six and a sixty-eight, which would have certainly been 67 if he had found a bad lie in the first bunker he visited. There is a vast difference between 68 and 66 in the first round of an Open Championship. His next round was 74, by no means a bad score, but his golf was not convincing, his supreme confidence appeared to have deserted him, and those who had backed him or drawn him in sweeps no longer considered themselves on a good thing. With final rounds of 76 and 75 he finished in the seventh place.

WHEN Perry reached the turn in his last round in 37 he heard that Charles Whitcombe had finished in 76, which meant he had to come home in 39 to beat him. Perry played very well, very confidently, and very bravely in his last half-round, and never appeared in the slightest degree frightened or anxious; he played two super shots, his seconds to the tenth and seventeenth greens; one bad shot, his second to the twelfth, and did not quite hit his tee shot to the short sixteenth; with these exceptions every other shot was a good one, and he finished in 72. He started his last round with a six, a depressing start to the greatest optimist; to play the last seventeen holes in two under an average of fours, as Perry did, would have been a magnificent performance for a practice round, still more so the last round in the most important golf championship in the world.

WHEN Perry finished, Padgham and Picard had a chance if they did phenomenal scores, but the news soon came in that they had not started sufficiently well to have any chance of catching him. Henry Picard, who is tall and thin and very much of the same build as Jim Barnes, should be satisfied with his first visit to our country; he finished sixth with a score of 292, and if he could have managed to give himself more time to get acclimatised and for practice on the links at Muirfield, he would have very nearly been the winner. Lawson Little was the first American, and also the first amateur; he returned 289, with a last round of 69, which now stands as the amateur record of the course.

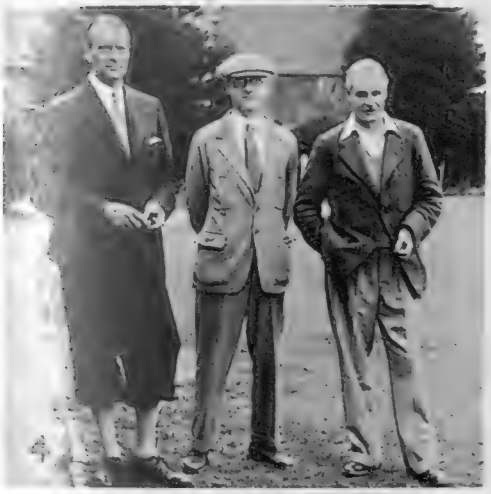
When Wizard's Meet . . .

Bobbie Jones, seen above, the famous American golfer, postponed an appendicitis operation in order to play against the equally famous Miss Joyce Wethered, also seen above, in a mixed foursome, when he partnered Miss Dorothy Kirby and Charlie Yates was Miss Wethered's partner. This photograph was taken on the Atlanta Links

Golf Clubs at Home

Seaford Golf Club, East Blatchington, Sussex

(1) C. Graham Hutchings (secretary), J. Payser, O.B.E. (captain), J. Cheal (professional), and George Simpson (steward). (2) Sir Albion Richardson, C.B.E., K.C., and A. Hair. (3) H. J. Philcox and A. J. King (committee-men). (4) E. F. Dawson (amateur record holder of the course), Colonel F. G. Crompton and T. D. Harrison. (5) A. Eliott Lockhart (ex-committee-man), Francis Coldstream (committee-man), and G. F. Karuth (committee-man), P. A. H. Pott (captain), A. J. Jack, J.P. (oldest member and one of the founders), F. M. Coldstream (ex-captain). (6) Captain Cecil Carter, B. Foord (starter), and G. B. Hutchings. (7) F. Goosey, M.C. (committee-man) and H. J. Prest. (8) L. Bromley, F.R.C.S. (ex-captain) and B. L. Talbot. (9) A. H. K. Hamilton, A. R. Ferguson, F. G. Petch, and W. G. Jack



Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Left: a general view of the match between Canford School and Eton Ramblers, played at Canford on Speech Day and won by the visitors. Below: some members of the Eton Ramblers team (l. to r.) Mr. J. P. Boscawen, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lieut.-Colonel H. Boyd-Rochfort, and Mr. P. F. Williams

Speech Day at Canford School

Some Eton Ramblers Who Played Against Canford School

HERBERT WADE, the swarthy South African captain, must have felt mightily pleased when Xenophon Balaskas, his googly specialist, got among the England wickets at Lord's. The ways of the cricket captain are bristling with snags; but Wade, gambling boldly in an effort to gain South Africa's first Test victory over here, was fully justified in excluding the tall C. L. Vincent for the Greek googly bowler.

A big gamble it was. Balaskas had done precious little in most of the previous matches against the county sides. In fact, he played in one Lord's match without even going on to bowl! Perhaps Wade realised that, later on, Balaskas would come as a shock on the leather-jackets' happy hunting ground.

And so it proved in England's first innings. Balaskas got to work with such a will that five of our men fell victims to his craft. Yet, I wonder, was Balaskas bowling so devastatingly, or was it that the batsmen imagined terrors in his attack which were not really there? It is certain, however, that the wicket was not so tricky as some of the England players made it appear to be. For, if the pitch was crumbling on that sorry second day, how was it that the Derbyshire spin specialist, Mitchell, only got a couple of South African wickets later on for something over eighty runs?

We saw Bruce Mitchell—and what a graceful, easeful batsman he is!—gathering the runs without very much anxiety. And this, mark you, on the wicket which seemed to hold terrors for some of the best stroke-producers in England. All very curious, this, but, deep down, is the root of the matter: it would seem that England batsmen these days are mesmerised by spin specialists. We used to say—and justifiably—that Australians could not play fast bowling; now, apparently, England players cannot stand up to the turning ball. Grimmett and O'Reilly were once the reapers. Now we find Balaskas as the bogey-man.

Still, hats off to the South Africans. They played keenly and sportingly right through. They were desperately keen to force a victory, yet, to the last ball, there was little sign of any grimness about them. Yes; these visitors of ours play cricket very joyously—not for them the grim rigours of the game.

I THINK the secret of the South Africans' attractive play is that they are mainly Saturday-afternoon cricketers. They go for the runs, a policy which brings all the lustre back to cricket. Not for them any grim wars of attrition; for the most part they are out to force a definite result—win or lose.

They have been well rewarded for their attractive style. True the Trent Bridge Test did not set the turnstiles working overtime—but then, the Notts crowd were not given the sight of one of their popular favourites in the field; yet at Lord's the crowd rolled up splendidly. Little by little, our visitors have impressed upon the cricket public the fact that they are worth watching.

How well they played, to be sure, in England's second innings! There was A. B. C. Langton—"Alphabet" Langton, they call him—bowling full of fire and enthusiasm. He magnificently followed up the splendid bowling of his team-mate, Balaskas.

Again, in the field the South Africans gave nothing away. While Wade did little as a batsman, his fielding close in to Langton was a

(*Continued on page 88*)

Rival School Captains

Above left: Basil Fisher, the Eton captain, and a very fine wicket-keeper. Right: Peter M. Studd, the Harrow captain, who has made two centuries recently. His uncle, E. B. T. Studd, was in the Harrow Eleven in 1897

The Strain of Wimbledon

A Few Painful Expressions at the Championships Recorded by H. H. Harris

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 86)*

joy to watch. Quick and clean, he saved I dare not say how many runs; and his inspiring work brought the best out of his team.

It was a sorry finish, maybe, for England. We saw our best batsmen go, one by one, before the South African attack. There was, perhaps, the thought that some of the players were just a little too convinced that defeat was around the corner. Still, let 's congratulate the South Africans on this their first victory on our soil.

It was worthily obtained. The luck of the toss—which they fully deserved, let me hasten to say—was with them. They took their chance even after a far from impressive first innings' total, refused to be intimidated by the good start which R. E. S. Wyatt gave to England—and went on to gain a glorious success. It will hearten them, especially after Jack Hobbs's comments in Wisden's that they were hardly up to our standard!

OF course, the cry will now go up that the England Selectors must make changes for the third Test. The cry will not go unheeded, I feel sure. There may yet be another wicket-keeping change, for Farrimond (much as I admire him, I must say this) was not the blood-quickening 'keeper England needs. I would, however, like to see the Lancashire man given one more chance: I feel sure that, with more experience, he is a stumper in the tradition, besides possessing a barndoor bat which might prove useful "Down Under" two winters hence.

AND now to boxing, with a thought for the amazing film of Max Baer's world title-fight with the ex-dock labourer, James Jay Braddock. To see Baer clowning his way through the contest is a revelation: by his antics, his buffoonery, and his haphazard and casual methods, one would imagine that he was in an exhibition bout at some charity show. Braddock, judging by the celluloid strip, was by no means a world-beater: he just kept on poking out a straight left—real old-fashioned English stuff, this—to pile up the points.

I imagine that if and when Braddock steps into the ring to defend his title against Max Schmeling—the only logical contender for the championship—he will get a terrific beating. The big-fight game is in a topsy-turvy state, I know, but I fancy that Schmeling would make mincemeat of Braddock inside the distance.

Meanwhile, Joe Louis, the coloured heavyweight of whom I told you some months ago, is rising like a menacing black cloud on the pugilistic horizon. Louis smashed Primo Carnera to defeat pretty convincingly, and the big Italian, let me say, takes some knocking over. So watch for Louis.

Only one thing would seem to stand in the way of this coloured fighter: it is the American public. Let Louis batter Carnera to defeat—that is all right. Carnera is an Italian. But when it comes to matching Louis with Braddock, then we may see all sorts of obstacles put in the way. It is the old, old story of the colour bar once again. Many of the boxing experts hold the view that the last of the coloured fighters to hold the world's crown was seen in Jack Johnson. They say there will never be another, for the very simple reason that your negro, good though he may be, will be side-tracked from a title bout.

As it is, an American friend tells me that there is agitation in the States over the increasing success of coloured folk in the sport world. On the running-track they are beating white athletes with disconcerting ease; and now comes Joe Louis, the Bible-reading boxer, to tumble over Carnera in a manner which suggests that he is a world-beater. So, I am informed, we may find a nation-wide move to keep coloured sportsmen away from the rich prizes. They have their own cafés and their own quarters in American cities; well, say our democratic friends across the Atlantic, let them have their own world's boxing championships, and their own track meetings!

On this I say nothing, except that the Statue of Liberty has, ironically enough, her back turned to America.

WRITING of America and the Americans, I must make reference to the failure of the "invaders" in the Open golf championship at Muirfield. Against the whirlwind golf of Perry—a name much in the sporting news these days—Charles Whitcombe and the rest, they were out of things by a good margin of strokes.

Yet, when our men cross the Atlantic for the Ryder Cup battle later on, I have a feeling that the Americans will again prove successful. After all, many of the "big guns"—Gene Sarazen was one of them—were left at home. But they will be there when the Ryder Cup is to be defended.

Still, the British team should have their best chance of capturing the trophy for some time. Henry Cotton will not be playing, and this is a great pity, but such men as Perry and Whitcombe and Percy Alliss should make the Americans go all the way. Again, we have some hope of doing well, as the match is to be played when the weather is more to our liking. Last time we sent a team to the States the Ryder Cup battle was fought out in the atmosphere of a Turkish bath: most of our players were beaten by the heat.

So this year the match should be very close, with a slight advantage to the Americans in that they are playing before their own people and on a course they all know pretty thoroughly.

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Wallace Heaton

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — June Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. handicap division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places: if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the higher scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss V. Davies	Haydock Park	76	16	60	73	13 below
Mrs. Sheehan	Carlisle City	80	17	63	73	10 "
Mrs. Tom Smith	Chevin	78	10	68	75	7 "
Miss D. C. L. Bacon	Stoneham	85	17	68	75	7 "
Mrs. M. Bishop	Sudbury	84	16	68	74	6 "
Mrs. W. M. Whitfield	Prestbury and Upton	75	4	71	76	5 "
Miss L. F. Wright	Saltburn-by-the-Sea	69	4	65	70	5 "
Mrs. G. E. Dazeley	Northampton	75	5	70	75	5 "
Mrs. C. S. Muirhead	Glenbervie	86	14	72	77	5 "
Mrs. D. H. Williams	Ashburnham	84	15	69	74	5 "
Miss G. Clixby	Thonock	82	15	67	72	5 "
Miss Higginbottom	Warrington	88	18	70	75	5 "
Miss C. Bennett	Freshfield	85	18	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Wallace Williamson	Moray	76	3	73	77	4 "
Miss D. Ringer	Leamington and Cty.	82	12	70	74	4 "
Miss O. Lowe	Tamworth	83	14	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Knox	Shirley Park	89	18	71	75	4 "
Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery	Moray	76	2	74	77	3 "
Miss K. Bentley	Blackwell	78	4	74	77	3 "
Miss K. Ogden	Ringway	74	4	70	73	3 "
Miss B. Pyman	Cardiff	72	4	68	71	3 "
Mrs. S. M. Green	Huyton	83	17	70	73	3 "
Miss M. Mulcaster	Crewe	83	13	70	73	3 "
Miss M. E. Duckett	Blackburn	84	15	69	72	3 "
Mrs. Hackman	Thonock	85	18	67	70	3 "
Miss M. Peacock	Elsham	86	18	68	71	3 "
Mrs. J. H. Bingley	Sherwood Forest	78	4	74	76	2 "
Mrs. E. M. Rhodes	Harrogate	76	4	72	74	2 "
Miss J. Burles	Ashford Manor	79	5	74	76	2 "
Miss N. Hunt	Hillside	81	8	73	75	2 "

In the list of May winners, Miss Phyllis Moore's score was incorrectly given as returned at Stratford-on-Avon, her home club. The details of this score were correct, but it was returned at Leamington and County, of which it lowered the record by no fewer than 9 strokes.

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. E. Hossell	Elsham	91	36	55	71	16 below
Miss M. C. Coops	Withington	93	33	60	74	14 "
Miss K. Kershaw	Rugby	94	36	58	72	14 "
Mrs. Lumley Dodsworth	York	87	25	62	74	12 "
Miss Ballantine	Ranfurly Castle	96	30	66	78	12 below
Miss M. Grime	Ashton in Makerfield	92	32	60	72	12 "
Mrs. Heap	Bloxwich	95	34	61	73	12 "
Mrs. Brierley	Camberley Heath	84	19	65	75	10 "
Mrs. R. L. Biggart	Ranfurly Castle	88	19	69	78	9 "
Miss E. F. Oates	Oakdale	86	19	67	76	9 "
Mrs. F. Williams	West End (Halifax)	97	35	62	71	9 "
Mrs. Woosnam	Hesketh	101	36	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. M. Grant	Cleethorpes	99	36	63	72	9 "
Mrs. G. J. Worthington	Leek	88	23	65	73	8 "
Miss H. M. Parkinson	Fleetwood	97	29	68	76	8 "
Mrs. R. Duckworth	Marple	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Giles	Goodwood	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Frank Leiper	Haydock Park	101	36	65	73	8 "
Miss E. M. Trumper	North Wilts	100	36	64	72	8 "
Mrs. R. Telfer	Heswall	89	22	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Charles Reeves	Ashford Manor	93	24	69	76	7 "
Mrs. Harbord	Hull	99	31	68	75	7 "
Miss D. Waterhouse	Lymm	95	33	63	70	7 "
Mrs. Atwill	Stoneham	102	34	68	75	7 "
Mrs. Ridler	North Wilts	101	36	65	72	7 "
Miss M. A. Lunt	Freshfield	101	36	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Hackman	Thonock	86	20	66	72	6 "
Mrs. P. Brown	Cleethorpes	96	30	66	72	6 "
Miss D. Bailey	Northampton	102	33	69	75	6 "
Miss E. C. Fox	Bloxwich	100	33	67	73	6 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

(Continued from page A*)*

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

MAMMOTH CABARET, MIDNIGHT SUPPER, AND BALL.—In aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund: Grosvenor House, to-night

DOMINIONS BALL: Grosvenor House, July 11th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Gertrude Lawrence makes her first cabaret appearance; Jack Harris's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dwight Fiske, the New York cabaret wit, is a superb entertainer; Howard Jacobs' band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies have the Three Sailors, Diana Ward, and some *Stop Press* stars as specialities; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—The newest restaurant has good food and a good band; day or evening clothes are accepted.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

PRUNIER'S.—Every kind of fish in this Paris-in-London restaurant; good wines by the glass; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening, compèred by "Charlie," who sings charmingly; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there's no cabaret; one must dress to dance; extension, Wednesday.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

As You Like It.—The second play of the open-air season: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Close Quarters.—Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in an interesting two-charactered play as a husband and wife, and one of them has committed a murder: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30., to July 13th.

The Dominant Sex.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Grief Goes Over.—A fine performance by Sybil Thorndike; the people are real and convincing; the story is a little under weight: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Lady Precious Stream.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love on the Dole.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Mask of Virtue.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mon Double et Ma Moitié.—Guitry's comedy of mistaken identity, with himself, Betty Daussmond, and Jacqueline Delubac, preceded by a causerie and sketch by Guitry: Daly's (this week only), 8.30. Wed., 2.0.

Noah.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Public Saviour No. 1.—A modern morality play, with John Stuart as to-day's prophet who is killed by gangsters; Vera Lennox as a cabaret girl: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Roulette.—It 's light and amusing; Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as the cocotte in whom she confides: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Tovarich.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

Anything Goes.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Charlot's Char-a-Bang!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good review: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

Gay Deceivers.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

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Glamorous Night.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Jill, Darling!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty is attractive and amusing; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A Kingdom for a Cow.—Kurt Weill's musical play is a romantic satire; George Gee, Bobbie Comber, Jacqueline Francell and La Jana are in it: Savoy, 8.30.

Love Laughs——!—A new musical comedy, with a film-studio story and Laddie Cliff, Allan Kearns, Barbara Newberry, and Renee Houston as stars: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 62.—Edna Thompson, Doris Barry, Hugh Rene, Ken Douglas, Ken Blain, Cedric Miller, Eddie Kelland, and Windmill Girls, in topical sketches, amusing song-and-dance numbers, and attractive "Dickens" ballet, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

Stop Press.—Hassard Short's brilliant décor and lighting, the dancing and the music are all exceptional: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 and All That.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Accidentally Yours.—George Robey and Alice Delysia in a farce from the French: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

All Rights Reserved.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Night Must Fall.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Someone at the Door.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Two Mrs. Carrolls.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

Abyssinia.—A topical picture, giving a non-political view of the country, its tribes and its modernised Army: Rialto

Barcarole.—An attractive French film with a Venetian setting and an Offenbach atmosphere; the two French stars act brilliantly: Curzon.

The Bride of Frankenstein.—A "monster" thriller, with Boris Karloff as the monster, Elsa Lanchester as his wife, Colin Clive and Ernest Thesiger as their creators: Tivoli.

The Call of the Wild.—A film version of Jack London's story, with Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie: London Pavilion.

Cardinal Richelieu.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

Fighting Stock.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn-Robertson Hare farce. And Legong, the coloured film of the island of Bali: Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Glass Key.—George Raft in a mixture of politics and rough stuff, with a murder in it; Rosalind Keith as his girl: Plaza.

G-Men.—James Cagney, in the new kind of gangster film, makes war on the wicked gunmen: Regal.

Paris Love Song.—An attractive new musical, with Mary Ellis as a cabaret singer, Tullio Carminati as a count, Ida Lupino as a Paris jeune fille: Carlton.

The Phantom Light.—Binnie Hale and Gordon Harker in a lighthouse thriller. And George White's 1935 Scandals: Capitol.

Public Hero No. 1.—Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore are in this. In the same programme is Vagabond Lady, with Robert Young and Evelyn Venable: Empire.

St. Petersburg.—Russia of 1860, filmed by a Soviet company, based on two Dostoievski stories; the hero is a young violinist, and there 's some good music: Academy.

The Thirty-Nine Steps.—John Buchan's famous story directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock; with Robert Donat and Madeliene Carroll as stars: New Gallery.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition: Burlington House.

Russian Art.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square, to July 13th.

BALLET

Ballets Russes.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

Scuola di Ballo, Contes Russes, Union Pacific: to-day, 2.30.

Concurrence, Petrouchka, Aurora's Wedding: to-night, 8.45.

Scuola di Ballo, Scheherezade, Beau Danube: July 11th, 8.45.

Cotillon, Scheherezade, Aurora's Wedding: July 12th, 8.45.

Concurrence, Présages, Beau Danube: July 13th, 2.30.

Carnaval, Petrouchka, Boutique Fantasque: July 13th, 8.45.

Alanova.—Last matinée: His Majesty's, July 11th.

SPORT

Cricket:
Eton v. Harrow: Lord's, July 12th and 13th.
England v. South Africa (Third Test Match): Leeds, July 13th, 15th, 16th.

Athletics:
A.A.A. Championships: White City, July 12th-13th.

Polo.—Good matches almost every day: Ranelagh, Roehampton, Hurlingham.

Racing:
Lingfield: July 13th.
Newmarket.—Second July Meeting: July 16th-18th.

(*Continued on page* iv)

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Pamela Kay-Shuttleworth

Is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Edward Kay-Shuttleworth, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lyttelton, of 11, Sussex Gardens, W.2, and is engaged to the Hon. Keith Rous, second son of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, of Henham Hall, Wangford, Suffolk

Pearl Freeman

Marjorie Sharp

Is the only daughter of H. G. Sharp, of Orche Hill House, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks; she has announced her engagement to Patrick A. Lewis, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis, of Alanhurst, Gerrard's Cross

Bassano

Diana Curling

Is to marry John Franklyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, Hants; she is the only daughter of Brig.-General Bryan Curling, late 60th Rifles, and Mrs. Curling, of Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants

Pearl Freeman

Betty Slater

Betty Noreen Anne Slater is the youngest daughter of W. M. Slater, of the Grange, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Leics., and is engaged to Jack B. M. Stableford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stableford, of Ardmore North Promenade, St. Anne's-on-Sea

Bassano

Mary Hall-Caine

Is the only daughter of G. R. Hall-Caine, M.P., and Mrs. Hall-Caine, of Greeba Castle, I.O.M., and Woolley Firs, Maidenhead, and is to marry Arthur M. G. Gelardi, son of Commendatore and Donna Giulio Gelardi, of 299, Park Avenue, New York

Hay Wrightson

Mary Boyd-Carpenter

Is engaged to Ralph C. Richardson, son of the late Major Richardson, 14th Hussars, and Mrs. Richardson, of Amwell, Bury, Herts; her parents are Major Sir Archibald and Lady Boyd-Carpenter, of River House, Walton-on-Thames

Pearl Freeman

Audrey David

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. David, of 36, Lancaster Road, Birkdale, Lancs, and is engaged to R. F. Chapman, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Chapman, of East Hill House, Oxted, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Peggy Anley

Is engaged to John D. Hodgkinson, younger son of Colonel J. Hodgkinson, of Colgrims Mede, Sowley, Hants; she is the only daughter of Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. F. E. Anley, of Tregantle, Alverstoke, Hants

Barnard—Pepys

Major William Louis Barnard, Ox. and Bucks Light Infantry, son of the late Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Barnard, and Geraldine Pepys, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Gerald Pepys, of 1, Hurlingham Gardens, S.W.6, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Wyatt—Cayzer

Major W. P. Wyatt, 17th-21st Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wyatt, of White House, Rustington, Sussex, and Mary Cayzer, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Harold S. Cayzer, of Dunchurch Lodge, Rugby, had a country wedding at St. Peter's, Dunchurch

Forestier-Walker — Wing

Rodney Forestier-Walker, son of the late C. E. Forestier-Walker and Mrs. Forestier-Walker, of Brynhedydd, Rhiwderin, Mon., and Molly Clifford-Wing, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Clifford-Wing, of Abbotts Leigh, Somerset, were married at Michaelstone-y-Fedw, Mon., with a reception at Ruperra Castle

Howorth — Nicholson

John H. E. Howorth, only son of Sir Rupert and Lady Howorth, of Neswick, Wimbledon, and Eveline Pauline Nicholson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Nicholson, of the Old House, Freshford, Somerset, leaving Bath Abbey after their wedding

Watson — Harington

Dr. Charles E. Watson and Amy M. P. P. Harington were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. His parents are Colonel and Mrs. Charles Watson, of Northfield, Beaconsfield, Bucks, and she is the daughter of the late Colonel H. H. Harington, and Mrs. Harington, of Greenaway, Beaconsfield

Matheson — Grant

Ian Keith Matheson, Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Matheson, of 46, Princes Gardens, S.W.7, and Jean Grant, daughter of the late John Peter Grant, of Rothiemurchus, and Lady Mary Grant, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Stopford-Adams — Block

Derric Stopford-Adams, son of the late Major G. Stopford-Adams, and Mrs. Stopford-Adams, of 20, Grosvenor Court, S.W.1, and Winfrith House, Dorset, and Elizabeth Block, daughter of the late Colonel A. Block, R.A., and Mrs. Block, of Okehampton, Devon, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Cunynghame — Russell

Ronald O. B. Cunynghame, Nigerian Administrative Service, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Blair Cunynghame, of Broomfield, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, and Elnor Russell, elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Russell, of the Director's House, Rothamsted Experimental Station, Herts, were married at Harpenden Parish Church

Hartley — Peel

John Hartley, Sudan Civil Service, and Alizon Peel were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hartley, of Elstree, and she is the daughter of Judge Peel, K.C., and Mrs. Peel, of Knowlmere Manor, Clitheroe, Lancs

Sykes — Marland

Reginald Charles Sykes, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sykes, of Highfield, Watford, Herts, and Marise Marland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marland, of Hale Carr, Hale, Cheshire, after their wedding last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Lord — Falconar

Geoffrey Frank Lord, son of Mrs. Sydney Lord, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, and Elise Falconar, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Falconar, of Picton Cottage, Twyford, Berks, after their wedding at Wargrave Parish Church

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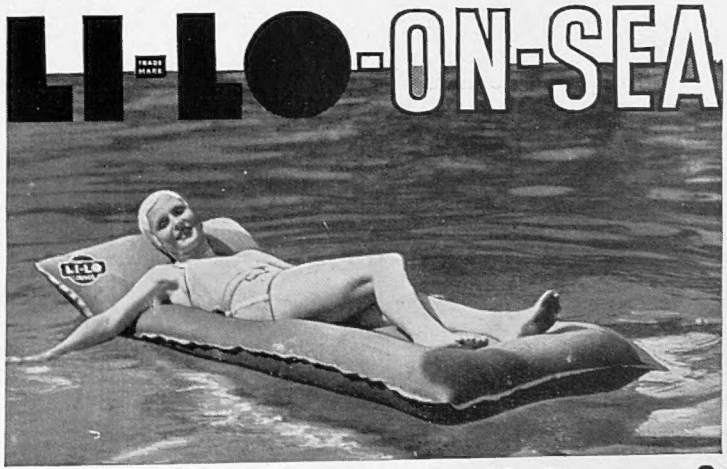

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